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NEW STATESMAN

Christmas books II

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HOW JURIES THINK

Northern Ireland: the outline of a hopeful future?
Inside Ladbrokes/Leyland's witch-hunt
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John Bowen: channel 4 or ITV-2?/Hermione Lee on Flannery O'Connor
Godfrey Hodgson: socialism & anarchism, USA

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NEW STATESMAN
Volume 98 7 December 1979 No 2542

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Northern Ireland: optimism of the will?

IT'S TOO EARLY to say that Humphrey Atkins and his 'initiative' are going the same sad way as all the other British politicians who have tried to deal with Northern Ireland. True, the signs are not very promising: as Mary Holland reported last week, such elements of new flexibility as the Tories have introduced have not been accompanied by tactical sophistication.

For all that, the situation doesn't justify such sour, relentless despair as you will find – for instance – in the *Observer*. Given that pessimism of the intellect is a requirement in the context of Ulster's quarrel, are there really no reasonable grounds for optimism of the will?

On page 888 we publish a long and detailed article by Professor Bernard Crick, which suggests that some exist. The key to the matter, he suggests – and we have argued this before – is to conceive the process of negotiation and settlement in an international context. One reason for the length of such an article is the need to dispose finally of the absurd legend, carefully fostered by some British journalists and politicians, in which all Americans who have expressed interest in Irish affairs appear as domestic vote-hunters or appendages of the IRA. It is odd that a British Establishment which has always clung to the American alliance in its most destructive manifestation should be so blind when it presents itself in a potentially fruitful form. (As Crick points out, Mary Holland's reports in the NEW STATESMAN have been one of the few means through which British readers might discover what the Americans have actually been doing.)

The NEW STATESMAN has a powerful dislike of the Tory government, but it doesn't extend to wishing them disaster in Ireland. They have moved a little away from the sad paralysis of Roy Mason: can they move away from the neuroticism of sovereignty, and face up to the fact that Westminster alone can never devise a solution for Northern Ireland?

NOTES

Canned beer rip-off

Roger Protz writes: Twenty-nine per cent of the price of a can of beer goes on the cost of the can, according to Colin Mitchell of stockbrokers Buckmaster and Moore in his latest review of the brewing industry. Attacking the 'menace of canned beer', which is expected to account for a fifth of the growth of the total beer market next year, Mitchell's figures show that a half pint can of light ale costs on average 17p; the can costs 5p and a further 1.2p goes towards advertising and promotion.

Where lager is concerned, the big brewers turn the screw on the consumer even more tightly. Mitchell says that a can of 'premium' lager costs an average of 25p, with 5p going on the can and 6p (24 per cent) on advertising and promotion. Lager, both canned and draught, is immensely profitable for the brewers because of its high price and low strength – which means it is taxed at a lower rate than most bitters.

Colin Mitchell comments: 'There are many instances when drinking canned beer at home is more expensive than drinking draught beer in public houses. To us this represents an absurd and illogical state of affairs given the facilities and service offered in public houses.'

In spite of the high cost of canned beer, the brewers make less profit from it than from draught. There is some evidence to suggest that a few of the giant brewers actually sell canned beer in supermarkets at a loss in order to keep other companies' products off the shelf. One reason for the poor financial performance of Scottish and Newcastle Breweries in the past year is that S&N, who once dominated the 'take-home' market, have taken a terrible battering from other giants like Bass and Allied, who have undercut them in the supermarkets. The big brewers see supermarket sales more as advertising for their products than as a service to the consumer.

This grotesque state of affairs is paid for by the drinkers, including pub users who never buy canned beer. The escalating cost of pub beer from the major brewers is partly to pay for the supermarket scramble, partly to underwrite new lager plant. Now the Campaign for Real Ale has joined Friends of the Earth and other groups to demand that Environment Minister Michael Heseltine place a tax or even an outright ban on non-returnable containers, especially cans. Such a tax operates in parts of the US, and in Europe most packaged beer is still sold in bottles, which are cheaper and do not use up such valuable resources.

Making the claimants pay

Ruth Lister writes: The government's social security bill – although not involving any cuts in the total SS budget – fails to tackle the fundamental problems which under the supplementary benefit scheme – namely that too many people are forced to depend on means-tested supplementary benefit because of our inadequate social insurance scheme and that the supplementary benefit rates are too low to permit (in the words of the Supplementary Benefit Commission) 'normal participation in the life of the relatively wealthy society in which they live.' The White Paper on supplementary benefits published last week does, however, promise some positive measures, such as full publication of the rules governing entitlement to benefit and automatic notices of assessment explaining how benefit has been calculated.

The 'cost-neutral' bill, although looking like something of an advance at a time of spending cuts, inevitably means that claimants themselves will have to finance any improvements in the scheme. The White Paper admits that a small number will lose' but the DHSS are unable to say how small or by how much. Among the losers will be school-leavers, who will not be allowed to claim until the end of the holidays and claimants on the long-term rate who will lose £18 to £21 a year at current rates, in addition to future losses because of the removal of the link with increases in average earnings. In addition, £15 million is to be saved by assuming a standard contribution towards the rent of about £3.80 from non-dependants living in a claimants household.

Even some of the positive proposals are flawed. In a move primarily aimed at administrative simplification the number of children's rates have been reduced from five to three by giving more to children under five and aged 11-12. But the evidence suggests that it is 8-10 year olds, and possibly teenagers, who need most extra help. Moreover the rates are still below David Piachaud's estimates of the costs of meeting a child's minimum requirements (NS, 16 November 1979), in providing only 89p a day for a child under 11.

Although the qualifying period for the long-term rate has been reduced from two years to one, it has not been extended to the long-term unemployed, despite arguments from DHSS and SBC civil servants that this should be a first priority. This means that 215,000 unemployed claimants who have been

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NOTES

on benefit for over a year will each week be denied £5.40 (if single) or £7.95 (if married) in order to give them an incentive to find work.

Discretionary exceptional needs payments are to be replaced by lump sum grants of 'a prescribed amount', payable 'in prescribed cases'. Regulations will set out what additional expenses will be provided for and the circumstances in which discretionary payments will still be allowed. At the moment over half such payments are for clothes and shoes, even though these are considered to be covered by the scale rates. At last week's press conference the minister refused to confirm that payments would still be made for these items. Unless the government publishes draft regulations before the bill goes into the committee stage, it will be impossible to assess its full implications.

No lorries for Her Majesty

Mick Hamer writes: The royal family's Christmas celebrations at Windsor Castle will be more peaceful in future: last month Windsor became the first town in Britain to ban juggernauts permanently from its streets. The decision was welcomed by the Windsor Residents' Association (Traffic), who were 'delighted'. The Freight Transport Association, on the other hand, were 'not happy'.

Berkshire County Council's scheme was a significant innovation. Although councils possess the power to ban heavy lorries from their streets under the 1973 Heavy Commercial Vehicles Act, Berkshire's decision merely bars lorries from a fifty yard stretch on all roads leading to Windsor. These link up to form a cordon around Windsor. While effectively banning lorries from the whole town – with exemptions for access – this strategy considerably eases enforcement problems.

For local residents the council's decision was the culmination of a six year campaign. Since the M3 was opened to the south, Windsor has been plagued by lorry drivers using the town as a short cut to the M4 – or points further north. The residents' first success came in February last year when the council approved (by 42 votes to 33) a temporary ban.

The temporary ban was twice extended – the maximum number of extensions allowed. Demands from lorry operators for a public inquiry were ignored by former Transport Secretary William Rodgers. And in September this year the council's environment committee narrowly approved (by 10 votes to 8) a permanent ban, which was finally endorsed by the full council last month.

Strong opposition to the scheme has come from the lorry lobby, who fear that Berkshire may set a precedent. They have also challenged the legality of the ban. In August 1978 the Freight Transport Association, the National Farmers' Union and the Road Haulage Association sought to have the original traffic orders quashed. Mr Justice Wien declined. In December the same applicants challenged the scheme in the High Court. This time Lord Justice Snell rejected their case. An appeal has been lodged, however, and the Freight Transport Association confirmed this week that they had no intention of dropping the case.

Scrubs inquiry: there's a catch

Anna Coote writes: Mr Keith Gibson, who is in charge of the Home Office inquiry into the 'MUFTI' operation at Wormwood Scrubs on 31 August, in which more than fifty inmates received serious injuries (NS 9 and 23 November), has sent a letter to all prisoners who were in D Wing at the time, asking them to 'send a written statement of any facts or considerations' they consider relevant. An admirable move and one without which the inquiry would have little meaning. But there's a catch. Most of the letter is devoted to reminding inmates that their statements will be used as evidence in disciplinary proceedings against them if what they have to say amounts to a 'false and malicious allegation against a member of staff'. The letter explains:

> An allegation is false and malicious if the allegation is untrue, and you make it knowing it to be untrue or without caring whether it is true or not. Any allegation made in your statement will be investigated and if the investigation appears to show that the allegation is false and malicious you may be charged with a disciplinary offence under the Prison Rules.

They should not let that deter them, Mr Gibson goes on: 'If you can show that what you say is true you have nothing to fear.' How will the inquiry team 'investigate' the prisoners' allegations except by checking them against statements from prison staff? How will inmates be able to 'show' that what they say is true, when it's just their word against the officers? Many may prefer to say nothing, rather than risk further punishment.

Labour left divided over reform

Patrick Wintour writes: The left in the Labour party are divided over their attitude to the party inquiry. Some – mainly connected with the Labour Co-ordinating Committee – want to use the inquiry to decentralise power and open up decision making in the party, even if such moves involve dismantling some current left powerbases in the party. But within the Campaign for Labour Party Democracy – who are holding their AGM this weekend – there is a move to ensure the left just campaigns on the three issues of democratic reform, the election of the leader, manifesto authorship and the reselection of MPs. The LCC people think that the role and composition of the NEC should be changed and all party members – not just the constituency GMC – should select the parliamentary candidate. For many years these arguments have been associated with the right of the party. The LCC also wants all delegates to conference to be elected – currently many union delegates are appointed.

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UNIONS
Patrick Wintour

Is BL justified in sacking its most senior shop steward?

In defence of Derek Robinson

THIS WEDNESDAY three wise men gathered in the Birmingham district office of the engineering union. They were Ken Cure, John Weakley and Gerry Russell – all members of the AUEW executive – and their purpose was to get their president, Terry Duffy, out of a tight corner. Eight days earlier, to the astonishment of Birmingham union activists, Duffy had refused to call a strike to win the reinstatement of Derek Robinson – the AUEW's most senior shop steward in Leyland – who had been dismissed by the company. Desperate for a way out, Duffy decided that there should be a union inquiry into the fairness of the dismissal. But if the AUEW finds that Robinson has no case to answer – and the evidence makes clear that this is the case – it will be hard for the union not to strike in his defence, but even harder for them to win that strike. It is a fact of industrial life that you don't stop strikes midstream and then reconvene them after three weeks just before Christmas.

It is questionable how fair this tribunal, made up of members of the AUEW executive, can be. The AUEW is politically divided in a way that few unions are. The uniformly right-wing executive dislike Robinson's communism and the combine which is regarded as a threat to their own organisation. The AUEW leadership, in contrast with the T & G's, also disagree with the combine's policy for Leyland which opposes the Edwardes plan of contraction through redundancies and closures. It was the AUEW's influence that ensured the CSEU (at the last minute and at the worst time immediately before the ballot) withdrew their support from the Leyland stewards' opposition to the Edwardes plan. While Labour MPs and TGWU regional officials marched through Birmingham in defence of Robinson a week after the sacking, no AUEW senior official bothered to attend.

There are two basic management charges against Robinson into which the AUEW must look. The first concerns a strike at Longbridge in February for which BL say he was warned, the second a piece of pamphleteering in November for which he was sacked. BL has produced no other evidence for their claim that 'they have no alternative but to sack him'. Yet already the management's case is confused. In order to avoid the Employment Protection Act and also to let the AUEW off the hook, BL say he has been sacked neither for misconduct nor for his trade union activities, but for his part in the unofficial combine. Yet BL have already recognised Robinson in his combine capacity and the strike-call in February was moved and democratically passed in Robinson's *official* capacity as convenor at Longbridge.

The union joint negotiating committee called the strike, giving five days' notice. Robinson returned to Longbridge with that recommendation but his stewards moved an amendment making the strike immediate. At a mass meeting the stewards' recommendation was accepted and Longbridge jumped the gun. At mass meetings at other plants days later it emerged, however, there was a majority against the strike and Longbridge returned to work. BL say Robinson deliberately used lies and factual distortions to mislead the workforce into a strike. AUEW general secretary John Boyd, who wrote about the Longbridge strike in the March issue of the AUEW *Journal,* agrees: 'half truths and misleading statements should have no place in the vocabulary of trade union activists'.

What are these heinous lies of which Robinson is accused? Longbridge struck because the workers thought they were being denied a wage increase to which they were entitled under the terms of a settlement accepted by the entire BL workforce in a November 1978 ballot. The point of the ballot was to secure parity of payment between all 32 BL plants from which Longbridge, a low paid plant,

Derek Robinson, elected convenor of 800 Longbridge stewards, senior AUEW representative on the joint negotiating committee, joint chairman of the Cars Council and chairman of the all-union company-wide combine

would specially benefit. The total deal involved parity between plants by November 1979 staged in three parts, the loss of 7,000 jobs, a 5 per cent increase in pay and a new national engineering agreement for overtime and nightshifts. The ballot paper read: 'a precondition for parity is that additional labour costs generated can be paid for by increased productivity'. But Bill Mclean, the then employee relations director, replied to demands for details on this that it would be better if matters were left vague for fear of government saying it was outside their incomes policy.

On 1 February – the date of the first parity payment – Leyland 'produced out of a hat' (Robinson's words) detailed figures showing that Longbridge had not reached its cars per man target: no increases were to be given Robinson and the negotiating committee objected to the withholding of the £8 a week 'engineering agreement' money and the belated productivity figures. Robinson strongly disagrees with Boyd's claim in the *Journal* that Longbridge shop stewards would have this information anyway. Boyd refused to print Robinson's letter replying to this charge, on the grounds that it was too long.

BL now say that they formally warned Robinson about his future conduct as a result of the emotive language he used during the strike. But though he was chastised verbally by the plant director and personnel manager on 12 March, it could not have been a formal warning since no documents were signed and the AUEW district officer, Mr Benson, was not invited, as is the practice when a senior steward is warned at Longbridge.

Ironically, the 'engineering agreement' money was subsequently given to the workers, without strings, and the parity scheme was substantially revised – the productivity element is being dropped – because, as BL admit, the scheme was too complicated. In March Robinson was granted professional shorthand secretaries to take minutes of major negotiations with management, to prevent further 'misunderstandings'.

The second reason why BL had 'no alternative but to sack Robinson' and cause a strike that cost £50m was because he had put his name to a pamphlet. This critique of the Edwardes plan was distributed around 11 November after the 7 to 1 ballot in favour of the Edwardes plan; as such it 'constituted disruption' and was 'undemocratic'. Presumably no BL manager ever discusses political issues after general election night. At no point did BL confer with Robinson about the circumstances of the pamphlet before calling him to the meeting to be sacked. If they had they would have found out that as Jack Adams, combine secretary, says: 'If we had known about the ballot we would have got it ready beforehand. But the management announced the ballot on the Wednesday 17 October and had ballot papers out by Friday for voting over the weekend. We rushed back on Thursday and got a rough duplicated paper out but only to the day shift on Friday. Even the official T & G literature did not reach the plant until the following Monday by which time many had voted'. The offending pamphlet, in preparation since the spring and in its second draft, got left behind in the rush. It was held up at the printers and appeared just over a week after the ballot result. The pamphlet did not even question the result of the ballot, BL's main accusation. It merely advocated a long-standing combine policy of 'accepting transfer of work from one plant to another only when the parent plant agrees'.

Until Edwardes, BL encouraged discussion and involvement by BL stewards. Robinson was an enthusiastic participator in BL as a nationalised concern. When participation collapsed at the beginning of this year, Robinson was almost sentimental about its demise. Robinson, who has worked for Leyland for over 30 years, was not an intemperate steward. In both 1977 and 1978 he refused strikes over pay although he had a majority in the plant for a strike; Peter Frearson, the former plant director at Longbridge assembly, says of him: 'Once agreement had been reached on an issue he would always be as keen as we were to stick by it'.

None of that will deter Edwardes; Frearson has left and Edwardes has sacked another dissident, Stan Keyworth, plant director at Castle Bromwich who objected to the closure of his plant. Nor is Edwardes really overworried by 'emotive language' or 'disruptive literature'.

There's a new fad in management circles, exemplified by Edwardes, of ignoring stewards as workers' representatives and appealing instead to the workforce by direct ballot. Edwardes in his own words wants 'a new interface' between company and workers. The new relationship and a crucial incentive scheme was outlined in an 85-page document given to negotiators just after the ballot had closed. If accepted it would mean not only the end of effective steward power in Leyland, but also of traditional job demarcation, work patterns and methods of work measurement. Wrongly, Edwardes sees Robinson's removal as a prerequisite to this new order.

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NUCLEAR POWER
Duncan Campbell

Safety inspectorate perilously overstretched

'We've just been lucky.'

THE SAFE RUNNING and construction of British nuclear power stations is in severe jeopardy. The Nuclear Installations Inspectorate is almost 20 per cent short of inspectors and one commercial nuclear power station no longer has a site inspector. Over half the remaining inspectors have threatened to take new jobs if pay and prospects are not improved. If this happened existing nuclear power stations could only be run at considerable risk to workers and the public. Unpublished reports obtained by the NEW STATESMAN recount a twenty year history of horrifying mistakes that would have been catastrophies without NII inspectors.

Chapelcross nuclear power station in Dumfries and Galloway has now been without an inspector for two months because there are not enough NII inspectors to ensure that each station in Britain has one employed fulltime: a safety principle hitherto considered unassailable. This means that Chapelcross has no site inspector to check the safety implications of the continual minor failures and modifications which nuclear power stations, like any sophisticated engineering plant, suffer. Instead, an inspector from a similar reactor at Calder Hall in Cumbria is trying to cover both jobs at once from London, even though checking Calder Hall – which like Chapelcross, has four separate reactors – is already a full-time job.

Calder Hall and Chapelcross were the first British reactors of the magnox design. All of these have now been discovered to have substantial cracks in their pipework. If the cracks spread through the structure, and allow the reactor's cooling gases to escape, this is likely to require the evacuation of the surrounding population. Fortunately most of the cracks have not spread. But, alarmingly, many of them seem to have been built into the reactors during their construction, when the need to test every component with critical exactitude was not appreciated or technically possible. One independent safety specialist who has examined the cracks told the NEW STATESMAN 'We've just been lucky.'

We nearly weren't so lucky in March this year. After repairing cracks and other defects in the welding of a gas bellows in the Dungeness 'A' magnox station in Kent, the Central Electricity Generating Board pronounced the reactor safe. Only because the NII took the opposite view were more defects discovered and a three month investigation undertaken to make sure that the cracks were not going to spread. Further checks are now being made while the reactor is running. The 4-day shutdown cost the CEGB £4 million – highlighting the need for independent safety checks. The NII inspectors are bitter that they earn considerably less than even the CEGB's deputy station managers, with whom their responsibility for safety is comparable.

AN UNPUBLISHED REPORT of the NII, presented to an international nuclear experts' meeting in Madrid a month ago, highlights shocking errors and carelessness by contractors in British nuclear power station construction. At the new station at Heysham, Lancashire, dangerously weak concrete has been used in the construction of the reactor vessel. Unnoticed, this fault could have caused what nuclear safety experts call the 'incredible' accident – total failure of the reactor vessel.

NUCLEAR SAFETY ENGINEERS SEEK EMPLOYMENT

Owing to impending dispersal from London area, 40 professionally qualified engineers and scientists currently

No watch on safety

Chapelcross is the site of four low power 'magnox' nuclear reactors. There has been no Nuclear Installations Site Inspector there for two months – and no prospect of a replacement. A London-based inspector is trying to cover it and other reactors at Windscale, Cumbria, simultaneously. Below: how 40 inspectors privately put themselves on the market in a *Guardian* ad in October. Their union says that ten firms have offered new jobs in the private sector.

This fault was caused by a broken wall in the concrete mixing plant. It was only when the NII inspector noticed that one section of concrete was lighter coloured than the rest that an investigation revealed 20 cubic yards of defective concrete. Four cubic yards were replaced; the rest was 'satisfactory'.

At the Dungeness 'B' five years ago, it was found that some of the stress wires built into the concrete of the reactor vessel hadn't been shaped to take any stress at all. Although less than one in a thousand wires were involved, the defective ones were close together. Yet the contractor's test records showed, wrongly, that the work of 'upsetting' the tendon wires to take the stress had been done properly.

Another reactor at Hartlepool, still under construction, had a different sort of problem. The contractors assembling the core of the reactor had what the NII politely called an 'unacceptable' attitude to cleaning up inside the reactor after their work. More exactly, they had a habit of leaving the reactor core strewn with a 'terrible' assortment of bits of welding rod, plastic sheeting, spare steel plate and cable, and general detritus. A lot of different firms were involved. NII 'persuasion', coupled to a threat not to grant an operating licence, led to 'satisfactory cleanliness standards being *re-introduced*' (our italics).

Dungeness B, Heysham and Hartlepool are the three latest reactors to be constructed in Britain, leaving little confidence that standards of unchecked work have improved since the magnox reactors were completed with their built-in cracks. The OECD Committee on the Safety of Nuclear Installations meeting in Madrid early in November also heard from the NII on a wide variety of other hair-raising incidents, including wrongly-built 'vital shutdown system pipework' which, if left uncorrected could fail, causing 'uncontrolled reactor depressurisation' and a major accident; gas input pipes buried unnoticed in corrosive water, and skimping on quality control tests. One incident at Dungeness B was chillingly similar to the event in *The China Syndrome* where crooked cost-cutting contractors faked the test records of vital welds; checks at Dungeness showed the failure of CEGB contractors to 'authenticate the manufacture' of 'particular vital pieces of CO_2 (gas) pipeline'.

The CEGB's own emergency plans have come under just as critical scrutiny. When they first introduced concrete instead of steel reactor vessels at the Olbury-on-Severn station, they said that even the 'maximum credible accident' was sufficiently small for there to be no hazard of excess radiation to the population outside. The NII decided that this was wrong in principle, and emergency plans for the population at large are now mandatory, even if the CEGB doesn't *think* that a 'credible accident' will affect them.

THE NATIONAL Nuclear Inspectorate are now threatened with break-up. Firstly, because a long standing plan to disperse the Inspectorate from London to Bootle, together with the rest of the Health and Safety Executive, has hung over their heads for five years, and deterred new recruitment. Eighteen out of 87 posts are or soon will be vacant. The NII have tried to keep each operating site covered, and – until recently – succeeded. But experienced staff have been leaving at an increasing rate. The unfilled posts, according to their union IPCS, include vacancies for experts in reactor faults, control and instrumentation, and fracture mechanics. Without experts in these disciplines, safety studies of new reactor designs – like the American PWR Mrs Thatcher wishes to buy – cannot be done in time.

Because of the still impending move northwards which almost all the London staff oppose, and the poor pay compared with similar staff elsewhere in the industry, new recruitment has wholly failed to make up the loss of qualified and experienced inspectors. By last month, most of them were so demoralised as to advertise themselves for sale in the *Guardian*. On a move to Bootle many inspectors would leave. As it is, two more posts will be vacant by the end of the month.

Safety checks of the Commercial Fast Reactor have now been abandoned partly through lack of staff. Safety checks of the new American PWR couldn't be done in less than three years, and even that is outrageously optimistic in the deteriorating circumstances. It amounts to this: unless something is done to boost the NII back to necessary strength, we can have new reactors, or we can have safety, but we can't have both.

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Inside the jury's mind

Very little is known about the way in which juries make their decisions – not least because researchers are not allowed to observe them at work. This week, however, the Legal Action Group publishes a unique first-hand account of three jury trials*, reproduced here in shortened form. The author is a senior psychologist, whose work involves research into legal matters, including identification procedures, and who was herself called for jury service early this year.

IN SPRING 1979 I was called for jury service at the Inner London Crown Court. The normal period of service is two weeks but I was discharged on day nine, after serving on three juries on cases lasting a total of one and a half days. Most of the rest of the time was spent just waiting.

The total panel was about 200, equally split between men and women, with an apparently good distribution across socio-economic status, age and ethnic groups. But when the juries came to be selected women seemed to be in a minority on most of them.

The prolonged periods of waiting led to increasing frustration and irritation among panel members. The lack of facilities, the large numbers of people waiting and the unpredictability of events meant that there was little opportunity to read or engage in other activities. After the first few days, when natural shyness had abated, the waiting provided ample opportunities for exchanging tit bits of information about experience on cases and about court procedures (usually of dubious validity). 'Rumours' developed, for example about punishments meted out to jurors who were late back to trials, and small social groups grew up, particularly around articulate and dynamic individuals. These were of some significance in the deliberations of juries towards the end of the fortnight's session. The following accounts are based on detailed notes taken during the court hearings and compiled in the evening of the days on which jury deliberations took place.

CASE ONE: A young man aged 24 was charged with possessing cannabis resin in a pub one year previously. The pub had a rock music disco and at that time had a reputation for drugs, at least with the police. At 9.45 pm on Friday evening, police officers raided the pub and arrested between 30 and 35 people. (All except the defendant had been dealt with in the magistrates' court.) A police constable told the court that he, in plain clothes, had been making his way to the back of the pub where the dancing took place. He saw a group of people drinking at the bar, including the defendant who was standing with his back to him. When he was about four feet away he saw the defendant drop a silver packet on the floor. This was found to contain 2.99 grams of cannabis resin. He arrested the young man and took him to the police station where he was bailed. A month later, when the cannabis had been analysed, the man was charged. What he said at the time was later recorded. The statements, said to be verbatim, appeared to contain some implication of guilt – for example, when police searched him he said: 'You won't find anything else'. The defendant denied the accuracy of these statements and said he didn't use or approve of drugs. A witness who was at the pub that night appeared for the defence, principally as a character witness.

The prosecution address involved only one or two sentences. The defence address took ten minutes and the judge's summing up took 20 minutes. The judge outlined the evidence and in particular counterpointed the statements made by the defendant. He told the jury to reach its verdict irrespective of personal views on whether the possession of

12 Angry Men (United Artists)

cannabis should be a criminal offence. He emphasised that the burden of proof lay with the prosecution and that the jury must be certain and sure in order to convict. The decision must be unanimous. The defendant's lack of previous convictions and his good character should be used, the judge said, to help assess whether he was telling the truth, but not whether he committed the offence. The summing up seemed to me to be fair and objective, and to contain no clues about the judge's own views on the matter.

The jury was made up of four women and eight men and no member had been challenged by the prosecution or defence. In the jury room a woman (about 40, might have been a barmaid) began the discussion of selecting a foreman by strongly suggesting that it should be a man. When the men looked sheepish and demurred she turned to the women, one of whom volunteered. She was perhaps in her late 30s, married, read the *Guardian*. The first woman then began to express her views, which were strongly in support of the police. She seemed to think the defendant was 'too good to be true' and eventually became lost in a maze of irrelevant and unintelligible remarks about her children, rock music and strobe lighting.

Others gradually joined in and eventually talked her down. Several people often talked at once and the jury tended to break into sub-groups. About a third of the twelve were silent or not very active and the foreman tried to bring them into the discussion. After about ten minutes of rather pro-guilty talk, the foreman brought in a 40-ish man, who was well dressed in an informal way, and who had said little before then. He took a strong line that the police had not proved their case and we had to be 100 per cent sure. This brought out others from their relative silence. A young man who had been into the pub reinforced the unlikelihood of the police having seen anything. The need to be one hundred per cent certain was repeated, as was the need for the prosecution to prove the case. On this basis the foreman asked if anyone could be 100 per cent certain of guilt. No one could. However, one young man of conventional appearance said the police case was thin but he still thought the defendant had 'done it'. The discussion was kept going a bit longer for his benefit. Although all agreed that they couldn't be absolutely sure, there were about four members who still seemed to think he was probably guilty. The final decision to give a not guilty verdict was made in committee style, with the foreman looking round to see if anyone opposed the decision. The entire discussion took 25 minutes.

The chairs in the room were placed against the wall with a long, thin table in the middle. No one attempted to alter the placing of the chairs, which tended to encourage the discussion to break into sub-groups.

Despite considerable scepticism about the accuracy of police evidence, no juror actually accused the police of lying. Once the definition '100 per cent certain' had been suggested as the decision rule the conclusion became inevitable. The judge had talked of 'certain and sure' rather than 'beyond reasonable doubt', which may have led to this definition. The 100 per cent rule seemed to operate as a way of resolving any disagreement, in particular as a means by which the one juror with real doubts could accede to the majority view.

CASE TWO: A young man aged 23 was charged with criminal damage to sheets of asbestos at Millwall football ground on a Saturday in March 1978, during a sixth round FA Cup match between Millwall and Ipswich. Fighting had broken out between supporters and some of them kicked a hole in the asbestos sheeting which made up a fence near a sliding door at the back of the stand. The hole eventually grew to about eight feet by nine feet and the supporters threw objects through it at the police, who retreated behind a railing fence about 15 feet away and to the side. The police witnesses said they had seen the defendant, among others, kicking the sheeting. The defendant was arrested at his home the following Friday.

Three police officers gave evidence (from notes made at least three hours later). First, an Inspector said he had been patrolling the touchline, had previously seen and recognised the defendant in the crowd behind the goal, having seen him on a *Panorama* programme six months earlier. He went to help when the fighting started, decided to retreat because there were so few police. The sliding door was locked, he said, and he saw the defendant from behind the railings.

*LAG Bulletin, from 28a Highgate Road, London NW5. (01-485 1189)

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A police constable, who had come round to the sliding door on the outside of the ground, said the hole was two feet in diameter when he arrived on the scene. He looked through it and saw the defendant run forward three times and kick the fence. He described the fans as being in a semi-circle, away from the hole. He had seen the defendant before at Millwall and perhaps in the street; he saw him in the crowd afterwards and subsequently arrested him.

A second police constable, who had been part of the police line between the two groups of supporters, had withdrawn behind the fence because of the violence: he said he saw the defendant through the hole, and saw him run forward three times and kick the fence. He couldn't get near to the fence because of a hail of missiles. He knew the defendant from the *Panorama* programme and had spoken to him. He knew the defendant's family, had seen him peering through the hole and saw him back in the crowd later.

The defendant said that he went to the match and stood on the stand behind the goal some distance from where the fighting occurred. He went with friends and was pushed around during the fighting but was not involved in the incident. The second constable who gave evidence had had dealings in the past with his sister. The defendant admitted he was a fanatical Millwall supporter and went to every match. He had been on *Panorama*, but claimed he didn't mean anything he had said on that programme about liking violence. His friends wouldn't give evidence at the trial because they were also in trouble with police.

In summing up, the judge reviewed the evidence, and emphasised that the burden of proof was on the prosecution and that the jury must be sure of guilt: 'If you think the defendant is perhaps guilty, might be guilty or even is probably guilty, then you must acquit.' The only question he saw in the case was whether the police had correctly identified the defendant. Since the issue was that of identification he was obliged to warn the jury of the dangers of identification evidence[1]. He suggested that the jury ignore the *Panorama* programme, which was only important in so far as it allowed the possibility of recognition. He also instructed the jury to ignore their prejudices about football fights, etc.

The defence counsel challenged two jurors, both older, more middle-class looking men. The jury was then composed of eight men and four women and included two black men.

At lunchtime on the first day I was made foreman. It was agreed to have a straw poll: eight voted 'not guilty', three 'guilty' and one 'don't know'. The three 'guilty' votes were the three older men. The discussion then proceeded with the most vocal 'guilty' man arguing with the rest. He appeared to have been principally swayed by the failure of the defendant to produce any witnesses and by his own negative attitude to football hooliganism. The 'not guilty' group appeared to be doubtful about the conditions for observing inside the hole in the asbestos sheeting and about contradictions in the police story.

The jury considered very carefully the improbability of seeing anything on the other side of the hole because of the distances, the hole, the angle and particularly the light/dark contrast (these points had not really been clarified in court and might have been distorted in discussion). The guilty group assumed that the extent of police prior knowledge was great, in particular that the third policeman was the boyfriend of the defendant's sister. (Very little had been said in court about the extent of this policeman's contact.)

After some arguing, the 'don't know' and one 'guilty' changed to 'not guilty', apparently to go with the majority. The two remaining 'guilty' said they thought he was guilty but were prepared to go along with the group view; one apparently because he had discovered in the photographs we had been shown that the sliding door could not be locked on the outside, although the police had said they locked the door. Deliberations took one hour and a 'not guilty' verdict was returned.

CASE THREE: A man in his mid-twenties was charged with theft of a duvet (value £36) from Marks and Spencer in February 1978. A store detective with 17 years' experience said she had seen the man previously both inside and outside the store. She watched him go to the bedding department, remove a duvet in a box (two to three yards away from her) and walk hurriedly out of the store making no attempt to pay. She followed him as he ran up the street for about 200 yards. He crossed the road and stopped to speak to two young men. She remained on the other side of the street because she was afraid to approach him. She lost sight of him, then followed the two men around the corner. They went into a pub, she waited opposite for a few minutes and saw the man carrying the duvet box go down beside the pub and enter by a door at the back. She went to the police station and returned with an officer and a woman police constable about 10 minutes later. They entered the pub, where there were about 15 or 20 people (mostly men). She pointed out the defendant who was taken out and charged, although he denied the charge and said he had not been to the store. The police searched the pub but the duvet was never found. The defendant said he had gone to the pub at about 11 o'clock, had drunk maybe three pints and had gone out briefly to the Department of Health and Social Security Office over the road, but had left there because it was busy and returned to the pub.

The prosecution and defence speeches each took about five minutes. Summing up, the judge emphasised that the burden of proof was on the prosecution, that the jury should only convict if they were sure, and that the decision should be unanimous. Since the sole issue in the case was identification, he warned about the dangers of identification evidence. The jury was composed of five women and seven men and included two black men. No jurors were challenged.

The jury room was large with a table in the middle at which everyone sat. The foreman selected was a travelling salesman in his late 50s, who had been the most active 'guilty' spokesman in Case Two. He began but did not finish taking votes around the table. There appeared to be five convinced guilty, two convinced not guilty and the rest didn't know. All the 'don't knows' moved to guilty during the first 20 minutes or so. At least two of the guilty group were primarily influenced by the character of the defendant (very small, strong Glasgow accent). He was thought to be bound to have a long record and he didn't strongly deny the allegations put by the prosecution. Most of the discussion centred on the long experience of the store detective and the extent of the prior knowledge, in addition to the length of time she had the defendant under observation.

As opinion polarised each of these factors became exaggerated. Most of the guilty group strongly believed that an experienced observer was a better observer and denied the possibility that she could have been mistaken. Several gradually exaggerated the amount of prior knowledge and thought that a previous record probably existed. After about three

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1. In this and the following case, the warning was as recommended by the Court of Appeal in *R v Turnbull and others (1977)*.

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quarters of an hour it became clear that two of us, an Irishman and I, were not going to shift from preferring a not guilty verdict. The Irishman had doubts about police evidence (and therefore the store detective) and believed in the possibility of a mistake or lying. The others argued with us intensively and forced us into defensive positions. But when we remained firm no further efforts were made to persuade us. The jury was recalled to the courtroom after about two and a quarter hours and, after further desultory conversations but very little discussion, a majority (10:2) verdict was accepted.

Most of the group believed that wrong identification was much less likely as a result of mistaken memory than through poor observation (as in Case Two). They strongly believed that a 'trained' observer was less likely to make a mistake. And they clearly could not keep in mind the negative evidence that in 'noticing' the defendant before, the store detective would have seen and noticed many other people. For the two 'not guilty' voters, the fact that the defendant had been recognised previously increased the likelihood of a false positive recognition, either at the point of taking the duvet or in picking out the defendant in the pub. Despite the judge's explicit requirement that we should try to reach a unanimous verdict, the acceptability of a majority verdict was well known. Once it was clear the vote was 10:2 no real efforts were made to reach unanimity.

There were several major points of evidence which the jury was left to guess about, or to supply from private knowledge – and the direction of these assumptions probably determined the verdict. For instance, one juror informed the group that when a publican agrees to let the police search his pub he only allows a search of the bar areas, not behind the bar – so the failure to find the duvet was thought to be of no evidential value. Some jurors assumed the store detective did not approach the man because he was known to be violent and several assumed the defendant had a very long record (in fact his last convictions were more than five years ago and mostly spent). It emerged after sentencing that the prosecution had been brought by the store, not the police, but this was not known to the jury.

The prosecution counsel was generally thought to be muddled and incompetent. This did not appear to impair the evaluation of the evidence. In fact, it worked in his favour in that he asked such complicated questions that the defendant failed to make sensible answers or adequate denials, which influenced at least one juror very considerably to decide on his guilt.

Cases Two and Three were heard on the same day and the process of composing jury groups resulted in six jurors sitting on both trials. There was some carry-over from one jury to the other – in particular, the foreman in Case Three had been the most active of the minority group in Case Two. I think that finding himself in the majority made him particularly determined to get his own way in Case Three.

IN ALL THREE CASES, a majority view emerged early, with a small minority and a group of 'don't knows'. The latter, usually non-participants in the discussion, all went with the majority view after (at most) 20 minutes of discussion. Only one person on one jury changed from an early stated view to the opposite.

Although the practical pressures to change from 'guilty' to 'not guilty' were the same as from 'not guilty' to 'guilty', the latter shift was felt to be more difficult because it involved the jurors accepting a decision which was potentially harmful to the defendant. It would seem likely, therefore, that majority verdicts will tend to occur more often in cases where the minority are in favour of a 'not guilty' verdict.

Very few of the jurors had any experience of committees or round table debates, and discussions tended to involve many people talking at once and several different sub-discussions going on simultaneously. In these circumstances the foreman's role was not very significant and was largely confined to extracting some expression of views from non-participants (if he or she wished to do so). In all three cases, the amount of evidence offered by the prosecution was very limited. It followed that those wishing to acquit tried to restrict the considerations to the actual evidence presented whereas those wanting to convict tended to rely on outside considerations – e.g. bad impressions made by the defendant, the expertise of witnesses, etc. Areas of information were inadequately dealt with, forcing juries to make assumptions or obtain rather dubious information from each other – e.g. the physical environment inside the pub or the football ground.

In the case of the defendant's criminal record, it is my impression that if nothing is said about it some jurors will assume that it is much worse than it really is and, therefore, unless it consists of a long string of exactly the same offences, it may be to the defendant's advantage to disclose it.

In none of these cases did any member of the jury ask a question during trial, although they had all been told about their right to do so (I heard that other juries did ask questions). In fact, it is very difficult for jurors to ask a question since they are not aware of the evidence which will be given later and also have not had time to assimilate and integrate what they have already heard. Defence counsel was regarded as being there to do a job, while the prosecution counsel was often seen as doing a poor job and the judge's instructions were attended to carefully[2]. Except where the judge recapped the evidence by highlighting the contradictions, the jury was bored stiff by the repetition.

[2]The same findings were reported in *Members of the Jury*, G. London and D. Barker (Eds), Wildwood House, 1976.

AMERICA
Claudia Wright

Washington's wheeler-dealers fall out over Iran

Kissinger and the Shah

SEVERAL QUESTIONS about Henry Kissinger's involvement in the current Iranian crisis are going begging for answers.

The first is why did Kissinger exercise himself on the Shah's behalf? In off-the-record comments to the press, White House and State Department officials have castigated Kissinger for his role in recent events. Former Undersecretary of State George Ball, who chaired a White House task force on Iran last year, labelled Kissinger 'enormously obnoxious'.

Asked about this at his press conference last Thursday, President Carter acknowledged that Kissinger had been pressing the Shah's case for admission, but denied that he had had any influence on the final decision. (This was the occasion when the President had such obvious trouble sorting out who his Secretary of State was, that in four mentions of Kissinger's name, three were blurted out as Secretary Kissinger.)

Kissinger has refused to be interviewed by the press, but got the *Washington Post* to give him editorial space to answer his critics. He claimed that his support for US admission of the Shah 'had nothing to do with a scheme of restoring him to power . . . I simply assert that it is incompatible with our national honor to turn our back on a leader who cooperated with us for a generation'.

The odd thing about this is that none of Kissinger's critics has suggested that he was part of such a scheme. Instead, he has been criticised by officials for attacking the administration in public for doing what in private he supports. Ball's criticism was that he had pressured the administration to admit the Shah when medical treatment in New York was unwarranted, and when the risk of antagonising the Iranians was greater than admission was worth.

THE SECOND QUESTION is what exactly did Kissinger do? He answers that it was the State Department which, in January this year, initiated his involvement by requesting help 'in finding a residence for the Shah in the United States'. Kissinger says he called David Rockefeller for help. There has been considerable speculation that Kissinger has been acting on behalf of Chase Manhattan, the Shah's principal bank, which of course Rockefeller chairs, and which Kissinger serves as paid adviser on international affairs.

Kissinger writes that at first Rockefeller was reluctant to be involved in any 'enterprise that might jeopardize the Chase Manhattan's financial relationships with Iranian governmental or quasi-governmental organs'. And so he asked David's brother Nelson for assistance. Apparently the second Rockefeller was an effective real estate agent, but within three weeks of finding the right place he died. David then picked up the realtor's role, Kissinger says, in 'his desire to carry out the legacy of his late brother'.

Strange as this story is, Kissinger's remark about Chase's commercial interests conceals a substantial change in the bank's situation between January and October. Information now tumbling out of the Central Bank in Tehran makes clear that until the Shah's fall, Chase collected all oil receipts owed the National Iranian Oil Company (NIOC). In normal practice, the bank should have forwarded these monies promptly, but didn't. Not only was Chase able to delay repayment

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and pocket the interest owed to NIOC: it also diverted substantial sums, the Iranians allege, to the Shah's personal accounts and those of his relatives and the Pahlavi foundation.

IT HAS TAKEN the financial authorities in Iran time to catch up, but in October they started out after Chase. According to Eric Rouleau, whose interview with Ali Nobari, the governor of the Central Bank, appeared in *Le Monde*, Chase agreed that it had made 'miscalculations' on the forwarding, and offered to repay a portion of the interest Tehran calculated was owing.

Rockefeller knew then, before the embassy crisis began, that it would not be long before the Iranians would try to recover the funds that made up the difference between invoiced oil sales and NIOC receipts. Iranian embassy officials in Washington make enormous estimates of what this might be.

At this point a third question needs asking. What role did Kissinger and Rockefeller play in the administration's decision to freeze Iranian assets on 14 November, ten days after the hostages were taken? Rouleau reports having been shown a telex message sent by the Central Bank on 5 November to Chase Manhattan in New York ordering payment of $4 million interest due on a $500 million loan which Chase managed for a consortium of American and other banks. The due date was 15 November.

The day before, the President ordered a freeze on Iranian government assets in American banks, purportedly to head off a threatened withdrawal by Iranian authorities of their American cash balances. No one here regards the withdrawal threat as sufficient to justify the freeze. In any case, there is evidence that American preparations had begun days before the threat was made.

Kissinger wrote in the *Post* that 'Rockefeller called the President on November 15 to ask once again for the designation of an individual who could accurately convey the government's recommendations to the Shah's entourage'. There was far more to the communication than that, for on the same day Chase declared that having failed to meet the scheduled interest payment, Iran was in default on its loan obligation. Assets frozen the day before – legally then the property of the US government – were immediately transferred by Chase, Citibank, Bankers Trust Company and Manufacturers Hanover Trust Company, to 'offset' Iranian liabilities.

Did Kissinger and Rockefeller inform the administration that Iran intended to meet its interest payment on the 15th, or had they argued instead that a major default was impending and that only an administration freeze could protect the American banks from enormous losses?

If the administration had been gulled, White House adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski might have been furious enough to tell the *Boston Globe* that Kissinger was 'a devious and dishonorable man'. But why did Secretary of State Vance go out of his way to meet Kissinger the day after the *Globe* story appeared to calm him down and to cancel out the White House criticism?

What did Kissinger know or what did he threaten that produced this turnabout? One answer is that Kissinger had been bartering the Shah's admission for his support of ratification of the SALT II treaty, still facing a difficult passage in the Senate. If true, it would not be the first pact with the devil which the President has made to get this treaty through, or the Panama Canal agreement which preceded it. But it is unlikely – Kissinger has himself undermined whatever influence he might have in the Senate by inconsistent statements on the pact, and at this stage his personal influence with vacillating Senators scarcely exists outside his own conceit.

It is more likely that Brzezinski was enraged at being duped by Kissinger into accepting a false reason for implementing part of a plan to destabilise the Iranian economy – a scheme which he, Kissinger and Vance all knew had been debated within the government for some time. Kissinger's advice had been sought because it had been his plan for the financial isolation and economic destabilisation of the Allende regime in Chile which finally succeeded in 1973. But as the arch-conspirator confessed, his view about the Shah's admission 'had nothing to do with a scheme for restoring him to power' – that was the administration's idea, even if it did depend on the co-operation of the bank he advised.

HOW FAR the American government had gone in its plan before the embassy takeover remains to be seen. The Iranians have yet to prove their allegations of a destabilisation plan. The existence of four CIA agents under cover in the Tehran embassy doesn't confirm it, even if one of them is described in a captured secret cable as needing special concealment 'pursuant to new programme of which he is a product'.

Allegations about the existence of stocks of counterfeit money in the embassy also remain to be proved. However, what may have been tentative moves on the Americans' part before 4 November is now a scheme which goes far beyond retaliation for the hostage-taking. Neither Rockefeller, nor Kissinger, nor the Shah can be unhappy at the turn events have taken.

For this Kissinger is prepared to take credit as having served American interests honourably and patriotically. He also admits to performing small personal services for the Shah: 'The education of the Shah's children in America was the principal issue. We did our best to find appropriate schooling.'

What Kissinger doesn't tell is that, according to Iranian embassy sources in Washington, he was paid by the Shah to play schoolmaster himself – 'tutorial lessons', in fact, for Crown Prince Reza, at a fee of $10,000 per session. The arrangements and payoffs were made through the Shah's ambassador in Washington, Ardeshir Zahedi, while the Shah's son was staying in Lubbock, Texas, training to be a pilot. There are no details of how many tutorials or how much cash the arrangement with Kissinger produced.

The disclosure is important whether the evidence of fees is revealed by Tehran or not. For all of Kissinger's personal responsibility for the manipulation of American power around the world, he has not done anything illegal according to US law, apart from a finding of civil liability in a phone tapping case. But in making this tutorial arrangement with the Shah, Kissinger may have overexerted himself. Under the Foreign Agents Registration Act, he is obliged to file a statement naming his foreign principal, and divulging the nature and purposes of his activities on the principal's behalf, as well as the fees to be charged and received.

Prosecutions under this law have been made this year of Americans working for a Chilean government propaganda operation, and were threatened against the President's brother, Billy Carter, until he filed his registration as an agent of the Libyan government.

A minor obligation, but the Justice Department's registration unit confirms that Kissinger has filed no statements. If the alleged arrangement existed, which Justice must now investigate, Kissinger could be liable for a fine of as high as $10,000 or a sentence of five years.

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GAMBLING
James Bartholomew

Ladbroke Group and parts of the City have been humiliated

The casino scandal

LADBROKE GROUP and Mr Cyril Stein, its chairman, have been publicly humiliated as no public company would expect in their worst nightmares. And some part of the humiliation extends into the City of London. Knightsbridge Crown Court this week upheld the decision of a lower court to refuse renewal of four Ladbroke licences relating to three casinos in London. But before making that decision, the court heard four weeks of the most damning evidence about the company and its chairman. As in Watergate, the worst of it was the attempted cover-up.

The general public, it is true, was not outraged by the breaking of the casino membership laws – even though the Gaming Board says that they are fundamental to British gaming regulation. Before the case ended, merchant bankers Morgan Grenfell, advising Ladbroke, said that an adverse decision would be 'the biggest parking fine in history'. Victor Lownes, chairman of Playboy Club in England, said that he probably would not have objected to the renewal of the licences if Mr Stein had apologised and if he had promised that the improper ways Ladbroke used to attract customers would stop. It is possible the police or the court might have been mollified.

But Ladbroke's way was not a humble one. Instead of apologising, it seems from the evidence given that there was shredding of documents, non-cooperation with the police, attempts to prevent publication in the press, public criticism of the Gaming Board, and outright lying.

Other reputations were also affected by the hearing. Morgan Grenfell and four distinguished citizens were made to seem foolish or greedy. The four, who included Sir Desmond Heap, former president of the Law Society, accepted positions on the board of a new and 'independent' casino subsidiary. (Morgan dreamed up the the reorganisation which created it.) They were foolish if they did not open their eyes to the extent of Ladbroke's wrongdoing. Remarkably, the directors do not seem to have made any substantial inquiry into what was going on.

Some reputations were enhanced. *Private Eye*, the satirical magazine often vilified for bad taste and unsubstantiated reports, came out well. This time it had demonstrably acted in the public interest. While the *Evening News* was prevented by an injunction from publishing this story for a few months, *Private Eye* brought the issue before the public. The magazine's main role was as publisher. The researcher was Mr Jack Lundlin, a freelance reporter. He has kept a very low profile since before the hearing in the lower court. The police have also come through with flying colours. They were seen to have conducted an effective investigation in difficult circumstances and with limited resources.

What happens now? Ladbroke would like to re-apply for the same licences next year. The new separate subsidiary may be completely floated off from Ladbroke to improve its prospects. But even then, there is no reason to suppose it will have any better chance or even as good a chance as a number of other groups trying to obtain new licences.

Mr Stein's personal position has been severely damaged. Some institutional shareholders questioned whether he should stay after the judgment of the lower court but most were content to wait for the appeal. The appeal has strengthened the case against him, although given their recognition that Mr Stein is a proven moneymaker, the institutions might fight shy of making him go.

The rest of the casino industry is poised between greed and fear. The Ladbroke casinos closing brings the opportunity to take Ladbroke's customers and open new casinos. But it also faces the fear that the police are on a wholesale clean-up of the casino industry. No casino, however scrupulous the management, can be absolutely sure that no grounds exist for closing it down.

THE POLICE and the Playboy Club have opposed renewal of Ladbroke's casino licence

over the last month on a single ground of objection – that the Ladbroke subsidiaries which operate the casinos are not 'fit and proper' to hold the licences. All the evidence, and the varied allegations – none of them to do with gaming itself – were designed to support this single assertion, which, if accepted by the court, could be enough to close the casinos.* The police supported their formal objection with specific allegations. The allegations, some of which Ladbroke admitted, were that persons not legally entitled to game under Section 12 of the Gaming Act 1968 had done so at the Park Tower Casino and the Hertford Club between August and November 1977; that non-members had passed through reception without proper check; that visitors' names had been added to members' entries to pretend they were guests; that agents of the clubs had brought in persons who were not *bona fide* guests; that Mr Michael Lavelle, an agent of Ladbroke, had gamed, and had been allowed a 5 per cent rebate on his gaming losses, contrary to Section 12 of the Gaming Act; that the casinos had paid hotel staff to introduce prospective gamers which the police contended was contrary to the spirit, if not the letter, of the law; that a private investigator had been hired to observe people at rival casinos so that they could later be enticed to Ladbroke clubs; that this programme included the taking of car registration numbers and improperly tracing the owners through the police computer.

The police and Playboy added other allegations as the case progressed. As did counsel for the Gaming Board – who opposed renewal of the licences – and the South Westminster licensing justices who were there to ensure the appeal included all the evidence from the lower court.

The police said the level of cooperation received from Ladbroke when making their inquiries was 'nil'. They called witnesses who testified that Mr Cyril Stein, the Ladbroke chairman, had ordered wholesale shredding of casino documents on two occasions. One batch of documents required three plastic sacks to carry it, according to the evidence. The police suggested that Ladbroke had brought pressure to bear on the police and on the Gaming Board by complaining to the Commissioner of Police about the conduct of the investigation and by criticising the Gaming Board through a newspaper advertisement. A police witness said that one Ladbroke employee, who had been willing to help them one afternoon, changed his mind after going to work that evening.

Playboy and the Gaming Board said that Mr Stein had known about the illegal activities when they were going on. Mrs Janet Ballard, a key witness for the police, testified that Mr Stein practically ran the casino division himself. He did not launch an investigation into the casino marketing following the first article about it in *Private Eye* because he knew what was going on, she said.

Playboy said that Mr Stein had almost certainly lied to the licensing justices. It submitted that his evidence only stood up if his casino marketing director had denied activities to Mr Stein which he had revealed to the group solicitors a month before. Two secretaries remembered shredding incidents which Mr Stein said he had not been able to recall. Playboy highlighted a letter by a Ladbroke employee referring to a Miss Nicole Lefevre being 'briefed to seduce and obtain information from an employee of the Playboy Club'. Another note referred to paying £500 to an informant, 'Michael'. Playboy further suggested that Ladbroke had been party to 'organised prostitution' in connection with a letter about 'hostesses'.

LADBROKE'S ATTITUDE to the objections to its licences was criticised on several sides. Playboy subpoenaed the general secretary of the British Casino Association who testified that Mr Stein had said the mud would fly if Playboy persisted in its objections. The threat was directed not just to Playboy but at the rest of the casino industry. Ladbroke's attempt to stop the *Evening News* printing a story about the marketing activities was also criticised. Counsel suggested that a fit company would have wanted to discover and end malpractices rather than hush them up.

Ladbroke's case was that everybody who might have been involved in the illegal activities had now left the casino operation. Ladbroke had restructured itself so that the casino side was run by an entirely independent subsidiary, City and Provincial Gaming Hold-

*Section 20(1)b, Schedule 2, Gaming Act 1968.

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ings. Mr Stein had no control over this subsidiary. The executive directors were untainted and new external directors were of undoubted integrity. The restructuring had been undertaken by Morgan Grenfell, the prestigious merchant bank, and the new directors were being advised by McKinsey, the international management consultants. Morgan Grenfell, in evidence, said it had been motivated by concern for the thousands of employees and shareholders who would be affected if the licences were lost.

The security systems of the casinos had been drastically improved, said Ladbroke. They now included hidden television cameras, video recording machines and micro-filming of specially designed forms so that only members or bona fide guests could gain entry to the clubs. Whatever may have been done in the past, the current setup was clean. Under the Gaming Act 1968, the court had to consider whether City and Provincial Gaming Holdings, the new independent company running the casinos, was fit and proper in its current state. If it was, then licences should be granted despite its ancestry. The police maintained that however respectable the new company might be, the new company fell foul of the Gaming Act because it was run for the benefit of persons who would be refused a licence if they were themselves the applicants (Section 20 (1) c, Schedule 2). Moreover, the Act would 'look pretty thin' if a licensee found unfit by licensing justices only had to remove tainted directors in order to win an appeal, the police said. Unfit persons could benefit from renewal of the licences, according to the Gaming Board, because Ladbroke Group was still the parent of the casino subsidiary. Even though the casino dividends were to be passed directly to shareholders, the main company could benefit by paying less dividends itself and raising money through rights issues on the basis of a share price buoyed up by the casino interests.

The Gaming Board also questioned the fitness of the board of the new company. The external directors of integrity would have to rely on the executives, the board maintained. These men were not independent. Mr Spreckley, the managing director, could be regarded as 'Mr Stein's man', it was said. Ladbroke, who had the last word, re-affirmed the worthiness of the new company's directors and said no benefit was likely to flow to the Ladbroke Group or Mr Stein from the casino operations. But any benefit which did flow would be in the ordinary course of business or else *de minimis*. Ladbroke's counsel encouraged the court to show its approval of a company which had genuinely tried to cleanse itself and protect the interests of shareholders and employees.

Judge Friend, dismissing the appeal, said that past behaviour was relevant. The only word for this past conduct of the casinos was 'disgraceful'. The licences were held by Ladup and Hyde Park Casinos, two Ladbroke Group subsidiaries. These companies were legal entities. Their past actions led the judge and four magistrates sitting with him to dismiss the appeal unanimously. As for the restructuring, he said, 'If that affected us it would simply mean that a limited liability company could breach the law as much as it wished and when the consequences came upon them could alter their structure and in their result say it was someone else . . . The sanction of the law would be avoided.'

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The pale green internationalists

The Government may have accepted that agreement between the parties in Northern Ireland will never now be reached – but intends, nonetheless, to press ahead at the latest round of talks. Here, Bernard Crick, Professor of Politics at Birkbeck College, looks at the shift in attitudes and at the international pressures – chiefly from America – for a workable solution.

WHETHER WE like it or not, the 'American dimension' is now part of what some of us inadvertently call 'the Northern Ireland question'. But it can still only be sensibly seen, even through British eyes alone, as 'the Irish question'. And the Irish question has had an American dimension from the mid-19th century onwards. I say this while deeply aware of the force, the fears and the rights of the Protestant majority.

Present Unionist politicians, however, must learn to live with the new form of the American dimension, and understand what it means. Recently in Washington I met some of the American politicians involved. I learned little that was not on the record, except that it is a record which needs to be read carefully – which few British journalists or politicians have done.

On 19 April 'Tip' O'Neill, Speaker of the House of Representatives, spoke at a government dinner in Dublin Castle, visiting Northern Ireland next day. The trip was long-planned, but our unpredictable election was under way, and one sentence attracted the British press: 'We have been concerned that the problem has been treated as a political football in London or otherwise been given a low priority.'

'Football' referred not to the election campaign, but to Mr Callaghan's give-way to the Unionists, in autumn 1978, of extra parliamentary seats, solely to sustain Labour in office (it formed no part of any general negotiation). And O'Neill's comment about 'low priority' seemed borne out in the reaction to his speech.

Mrs Thatcher protested that 'we have never used Ulster as a political football . . . events there are too deeply tragic for any of us to do that.' Shirley Williams said the speech was 'unfair', unfairly adding: 'The Irish-American community has very little idea of the truth of the position . . .' Stan Orme also never reads the American press: 'Beware of people who make snap judgments on a problem that has been with us for more than 300 years.' 'I would say to him and Senator Kennedy', roared Lord Hailsham, 'that they should bear in mind that Britain is also an independent country . . . We resent these people electioneering in their own country by speaking in ours.' The *Telegraph* said that in the old days it would have been a '*casus belli*'.

The *Mail*, the *Express*, the *Mirror* and the *Sun* took similar lines. Only the *Guardian* and the *Financial Times* gave their readers some faint idea of what the speech had been about, though the *Guardian* editorialised that O'Neill was 'uncomprehending' of the complexities involved. Even David Steel joined the attack, though John Pardoe defended O'Neill. At least the *Economist* expressed reasoned agreement, and Mary Holland in the NEW STATESMAN (11 May) gave a splendidly clear account of the background to the speech, showing for the first time in this country that 'Kennedy's New Irish Policy' differed from our conventional picture.

What did O'Neill say? These are the key passages of a speech written in collaboration with both President Carter and Senator Kennedy:

> Northern Ireland is a very complicated situation, produced by historical forces which often seem destined to defy resolution . . . are we to connive at the perpetuation of this nightmare or are we to help in whatever way is open to us to end this tragedy? . . . I am of course like many in this room by tradition an Irish nationalist. I would like to see Irish unity and indeed I believe it is the only ultimate solution to the problem. I would not however wish to impose it against the will of the people of Northern Ireland and I would not wish

> to promote it at the expense of Irish lives and the right of a whole generation of young people to happiness . . .
>
> While it is not for an American to say to the parties involved: this is the solution, or this is the path to be chosen, I have been deeply concerned by the lack of political progress in Northern Ireland over the last few years . . . together with all sides in Ireland we insist that Britain bears a heavy responsibility for the failures of recent years on the political front. We have been concerned that the problem has been treated as a political football in London or has otherwise been given a low priority . . . we do insist on an early, realistic and major initiative on the part of the incoming British government, so as to get negotiations moving quickly . . .
>
> I would repeat what I said at the Ireland Fund dinner on 10 May in New York last year: to those who tell me that if I do not support the supporters of violence, I will come under political pressure, I would say: I do not want the votes of those who support the killing of innocent Irish men, women and children.

'Low priority' should have stung, not 'political football'. How odd of the British press not to report or explain that final paragraph.

O'Neill, Kennedy, Senator Daniel Moynihan and Governor Hugh Carey of New York are called the 'Four Horsemen' of the American-Irish community. They have not always worked together: in August Carey galloped off alone, trying to summon the British and Irish governments to a conference table. But over the last two years they have collaborated, courageously and successfully – going unreported here, except by Mary Holland – to persuade Irish-Americans that much 'Irish relief' was going straight to the IRA. Since 1976 the Ireland Fund has, with the public support of the Irish Government, steadily drawn off the bulk of American donations into peaceable, legitimate and above all accountable projects throughout Ireland. Wryly, Irish diplomats point to a correlation between the rise of the Fund and the rise of bank robberies in the Republic.

Again, O'Neill's speech at the 1978 Fund dinner is worth recording:

> As . . . Jack Lynch has said, the mere withdrawal of Great Britain is not the solution . . . It is a question of getting Irishmen of conflicting traditions to live together and look to the future together. Irish unity is not a question of uniting two different physical pieces of an island: it is a problem of reconciling the minds and hearts of two communities which are now bitterly opposed. Protestant immigrants in the United States from Northern Ireland supplied many of our Presidents and contributed massively to the establishment of our political and legal systems . . . the Protestants in Northern Ireland today have every right to be regarded as Irishmen . . . we have been in this country a far shorter time than those Protestants have been in Northern Ireland . . . I know the frustration of all the people of Ireland at the repeated failure of politicians to resolve the problem of Northern Ireland. I would urge you, nonetheless, to keep your faith in politicians and the political process.

HIDDEN HANDS earlier this year inspired newspaper articles exposing the links of the Northern Ireland Aid Committee (NORAID) with the Provos. An article in the *Boston Globe* (5 February) by 'Ita Gibney' ended some detailed, damaging stuff with: 'The mists of sentimentality shrouding the terrorist cause in veils of glory must clear to show that peace is more important than politics.' NORAID is now embroiled with the Federal courts about its legal status as a charity, and the possible illegality of some of its operations. All this has attracted very little mention in the British press, and no compliments from, say, Lord Hailsham or Shirley Williams.

But the Four Horsemen could not have succeeded had they not been genuine, vocal critics of the past inertia of British policy and the violations of human rights. Kennedy's first press release of 1978 concerned the 'deadly bombing last Friday at the La Mon restaurant in Belfast . . . which claimed the lives of 12 innocent civilians and injured 30 others'. And he was prompt to issue similar statements after the killings of Airey Neave and Lord Mountbatten, saying that Irish-Americans had a special responsibility to ensure that nothing they did, nor associations they belonged to, could provide

> any support or encouragement for the violence or for those engaged in the violence.

But he also 'balanced' (thinking of whom he is trying to win round) by statements such as that following the Amnesty International report on police practices in Northern Ireland:

> I am deeply concerned about the allegations of police brutality . . . Faced with such a situation in a different context . . . the United States successfully resorted to the use of a prestigious indepen-

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dent Special Prosecutor . . . In circumstances of this magnitude and sensitivity the British Government should not be in the compromising position of investigating itself. I would urge, therefore, that an independent investigating entity be established . . .

THE LINE OF POLICY has been consistent for some time. Kennedy's office prepared a 'Joint Statement of Senators, Congressmen and Governors on Northern Ireland' for St Patrick's Day 1978:

> We strongly endorse the statement of President Carter of 30 August 1977, condemning the violence, supporting a solution based on a form of government acceptable to both sides in Northern Ireland and to the Irish and British governments, and proposing American financial aid for Northern Ireland after a settlement is obtained . . . There is no justification whatever for any persons to lend their support or good names to activities that enhance the cause of violence . . .
>
> It is also essential that there be more effective leadership by the American government to achieve such a settlement. Time and again in recent years, movement towards a negotiated solution has been halted by the intransigence of extremist elements in the Protestant community and by Britain's failure so far to end the festering stalemate.

There is no clash here with British policy: the only novelty, both in the St Patrick's Day statement and in the President's speech of August 1977, was the promise of economic aid for Ulster. Thus it was Carter, over two years ago, who reinjected the 'American dimension' into the international scene:

> A peaceful settlement would contribute immeasurably to stability in Northern Ireland and so enhance the prospects for increased investment . . . the US Government would be prepared to join with others to see how additional job-creating investment could be encouraged . . .
>
> We support the establishment of a form of government in Northern Ireland which will command widespread acceptance throughout both parts of the community. However . . . there are no solutions that outsiders can impose.

Mary Holland reported that figures of around $100 million have been mentioned. 'Could such aid be got through Congress?' I asked. 'Even without Kennedy in the Senate and O'Neill as Speaker of the House, it would whistle through', I was told. Carter was right to be modest about what outsiders can do. But it is at least interesting that he saw 'widespread acceptance throughout both parts of the community' as the basis for a settlement, not the narrower 'agreement between the main Parties' that the British Government stuck to until two weeks ago. American interest may have something to do with the more flexible character of the new initiative, as well as its timing.

So we have misread in Britain the changing character of American concern with Northern Ireland. The leaders of opinion, including the two leading Democratic Presidential candidates, are well aware of the rights of the Protestant majority in Northern Ireland, and of their historical identity. They have grappled effectively against fund-raising for terrorism, and they see that only a proposal acceptable to both communities would work.

THIS IS NOT to deny that the green card is still played in odd holes and corners. Three Congressional districts of New York City appear to retain a traditional Fenian vote. Congressman Mario Biaggi (Bronx) made himself chairman of the 'Ad Hoc Congressional Committee for Irish Affairs': in the present Congress it has 94 members, but it is purely informal, and not a Committee of the House. Biaggi's many statements on Ireland are not made in the name of this committee, and his attempt to demand Foreign Affairs Committee hearings on Northern Ireland was squashed by Tip O'Neill.

He has had one small victory, blocking the sale of 3,000 Magnum pistols to the Royal Ulster Constabulary. It was absurd for Conor Cruise O'Brien recently to devote (11 November) a whole editorial in the *Observer* to 'The Greening of America', saying that the presence of Biaggi at a lunch given by Carter for Jack Lynch showed 'the carelessness and callousness with which American politicians can treat the problems of non-Americans in an election year.' Jack Lynch is used to mixed company, especially at a lunch set for about 100 places. O'Brien's America is gone.

O'Brien totally misrepresented the present state of American-Irish opinion, particularly by reminding his readers of Congresswoman Bella Abzug who so famously demanded the

withdrawal of British troops from Dublin. Someone with an Irish name in Biaggi's or Abzug's district would now be able to argue back, quoting the speeches of Edward Kennedy, O'Neill and the President.

Those who think that it is all a matter of American vote-catching should remember that our own politics are also reported. The *New York Times* noted in February 1978 that although a decision had been made to use PR for the Northern Ireland elections to the European Parliament 'the day after the decision, however, an important committee of the House of Commons recommended increasing Northern Ireland's Commons delegation from 12 to 17 . . . and by simple majorities.' At least the pot should not call the kettle black.

THE AMERICANS THEMSELVES are now much more aware of the divisions and changes in Northern Protestant opinion. This year, the New Ulster Political Research Group visited Washington. This UDA body included Andy Tyrie, the UDA's chairman, Glen Barr, their former political spokesman and William Craig's former Deputy Leader in the Vanguard Unionists, and Harry Chicken, the Group's co-ordinator. They went to present their policy statement of March 1979, *Beyond the Religious Divide*, a draft constitution for Northern Ireland following 'negotiated independence'. Scepticism or dislike of such an objective has prevented British politicians and journalists from giving the contents of this remarkable – admittedly somewhat amateur – document the attention it deserves.

It is a sincere thoughtful scheme for a constitution committed to minority rights, a Bill of Rights, proportional representation, a Speaker elected by a two-thirds majority and legislation needing to carry a two-thirds majority, etc., etc. It is a genuine attempt to shift religious antipathy into constitutional argument and inter-community self-government. The document begins by quoting from Bacon: 'He who cannot compromise is a fool, he who will not compromise is a bigot, he who dare not compromise is a slave.'

Once the suave, Ivy League Kennedy aides got used to the UDA's somewhat informal and rough (say old American populist) manners, they were received sympathetically. Their position is understood in Washington, perhaps better than by Humphrey Atkins and his advisers who, unwisely and incredibly, have refused to receive them. But people in Washington (and in Northern Ireland) are more puzzled about the UDA's potential power than by its change of heart.

Paisley and others need the threat that such men spring to arms at cries of 'no surrender' and 'no compromise', or would respond to deliberate IRA provocation by a return to militancy and sectarian revenge killings. Otherwise he and Powell, in their different ways, could be isolated from Protestant opinion. There are many signs that the UDA, as ordinary working men, are sick to death of being used against Catholic working men by the regular politicians, of whom Paisley, even in their eyes, is now one. Paddy Devlin, a former SDLP leader, now a TGWU official, works closely with them.

What effect will the American dimension have on the Government's new initiative on Northern Ireland? It may explain its timing, at the least. Mrs Thatcher showed that the Government is sensitive to American opinion by giving the *New York Times* an interview (not any British paper) the week before the announcement.

Most of *The Government of Northern Ireland: a Working Paper for a Conference* is, as was well reported, a speculative 'Green Paper', a deliberately academic statement of six possible forms that devolved institutions could take in Northern Ireland (ranging from virtually all powers but foreign policy and security to mere local government English-style). But the introduction to the paper has been less well reported, and contains much matter that is not 'green' at all but 'white' – a White Paper on Government policy. The press has missed the dog that did not bark, the silent dumping of the old clear policy – from the Assembly and right through the abortive Convention of 1974-75 until now – of the need for the leaders of the main political parties in Northern Ireland to reach an *agreed* solution before a new framework of government would be enacted. Hope of agreement has now been abandoned and in its place are found phrases like 'highest possible level of agreement', 'reasonable and appropriate arrangements to take account of the interests of the minority', 'a transfer of power to be made in such a way which will take account of the interests of both parts of the community', and even more strikingly (however flat the language) 'it may be appropriate and desirable to consider arrangements for a progres-

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sive transfer (of powers) over a period of time' (i.e. subject to acceptability and good behaviour), and (Para. 7) 'The Government will take whatever decisions are needed to implement any arrangements agreed in the Conference provided that those arrangements appear likely to be broadly acceptable to the people of Northern Ireland as a whole.'

This last sentence, 'broadly acceptable to the people ...', taken together with 'highest possible level of agreement', must convey an intention of the Government to put something forward, even if the conference of party leaders (almost certainly) fails to agree or even if everyone isn't there, that could simply prove *acceptable* in practice to majorities in both communities, or perhaps to legitimise it by referendum before actual elections.

Recall President Carter's speech about the need for a form of government which would 'command widespread acceptance throughout both parts of the community' and which 'protects human rights and guarantees freedom from discrimination'. Carter's advisers then were not particularly sensitive to this vital distinction between 'agreement by the parties' and 'acceptance by the people'. Perhaps it was simply a rather 'naive' American prejudice for federal, justiciable solutions. Still less is it likely that whoever drafted the British document was specifically influenced by this. I only seek to show that the basic concepts of what can and should be done have shifted from what has to be agreed in advance to what might prove acceptable in practice.

The summary of the document in the Secretary of State's statement of 20 November is surely decisive on this point:

> Running through the Working Paper is the Government's firm belief that any new arrangements for the government of Northern Ireland must be acceptable to both sides of the community. Experience has shown that it would be folly to try to operate a system of government that does not have the support of a substantial body of opinion from both sides of the community. It would not work. That is an inescapable lesson of the past ten years ...I end by emphasising that the Government means business. We are looking for the highest level of agreement from the parties. In light of whatever level of agreement the Conference is able to reach, the Government will decide what proposals it should put to Parliament.

IT IS this turning from unqualified agreement to 'whatever level of agreement', or simply from agreement to acceptance, that has dismayed and angered the SDLP (and led to their initial refusal to attend the conference at all) quite as much as the Green/White Paper's statement that the conference will discuss neither 'Irish unity' nor 'independence'.

When in *Question Time* on 22 November the Rev, Robert Bradford asked Mr Atkins to abandon the conference as futile and move straight towards restoring purely local government powers (that is Powellite 'integration' of Ulster and the UK) Atkins replied:

> I do not think it is futile yet. If it transpires nobody comes, the Government will have to find another way forward. The Government is determined to find a way forward which is acceptable to the people of Northern Ireland – they are the ones who matter.

This was a clear warning to both Unionists and SDLP that the Government (one sees a firmer hand than the Secretary of State's alone) is prepared to appeal directly to the people across the heads of the present party leaders. Even Gerry Fitt said, in the same *Question Time*, despite his resignation as the SDLP's leader because of their apparent lurch back into irreconcilable Green:

> All is not lost. Even now, if he is prepared to give an indication to the minority population through their leaders in the SDLP, he may find them at the conference table.

He was quicker than his colleagues to see that ruling out talk about 'the unity of Ireland' is not necessarily to rule out talk about – or a working emergence of – 'an Irish dimension'.

Yet certainly the American dimension has encouraged the SDLP to take the harder line on negotiations. Their recent policy document, *Towards a New Ireland*, adopted by their ninth Annual Conference (they are now a very solid and established body) this November, lamented the Unionists' 'absolute intransigience' on negotiation, despite their own undertaking that they were not 'irrevocably committed to any one system of power-sharing in Government' – somewhat forgetting the point that the Unionists are opposed to any such system, or that if like William Craig they are not, the electorate has rejected them for harder men.

So *Towards a New Ireland* wasted no more rhetoric on the beauties of power-sharing, indeed said that it is now impossible to pursue negotiations in this way:

> ... the primary responsibility must rest with the two sovereign governments involved. It is now clear that the problems of Northern Ireland can only be solved by joint Anglo/Irish action taken as part of a clearly agreed programme between both these governments.

The Americans, and the British and Irish Governments up until now, have always spoken of the impossibility of any imposed solution; but almost in despair that anything other than continued *ipso facto* direct rule would continue from lack of agreement, the SDLP has itself moved half-way towards the doctrine of an imposed solution.

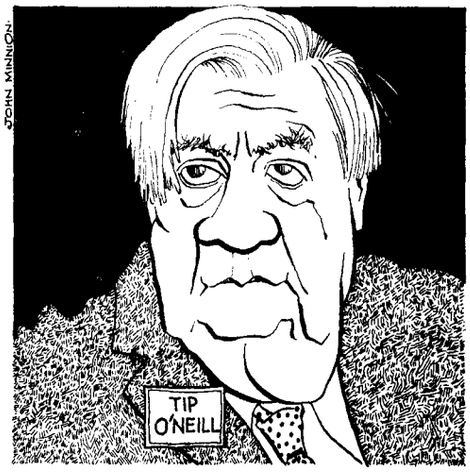
> As a first step they (the British and Irish Governments) should make it clear that there are no longer any unconditional guarantees for any sections of the Northern Ireland community, but rather a commitment to achieve a situation in which there are guarantees for all.

The guarantee referred to is, of course, that Northern Ireland will remain part of the United Kingdom until a majority of its inhabitants wish otherwise.

John Hume now refers to this 'non-conditional' guarantee as 'a positive obstacle to real progress'. Would Ian Smith, he asked, ever have talked to the black population in any meaningful terms if the white population had had a guarantee that they could remain linked with the United Kingdom as long as they wished (speech of 23 September 1979) ?

Hume, firm, shrewd and respected though he is, may have underestimated the fears that any talk of withdrawing guarantees can cause among even moderate Protestants. Such talk makes any opposition to Paisley within Unionist ranks almost impossible, and could drive those who do not trust the leadership at all, the ranks of the UDA, towards an actual attempt at UDI rather than their present attempts to gain an understanding with Catholic working-class elements, aimed at a negotiated independence.

John Hume also underestimates the danger to the SDLP, of any talk about 'withdrawing guarantees'. Such talk cuts both ways: not merely the guarantee to the majority but also the guarantee to the minority that there would



be no restoration of devolved powers, as enjoyed by either old Stormont or short-lived Assembly, without agreement between the parties – which to the SDLP has always meant 'power-sharing'.

Even in Merlyn Rees' day, before the calcification of policy under Mason, there was a subtle shift from insistence on a 'framework agreeable to the parties' (in the White Paper that set up the Convention) to hopes for a future framework 'acceptable to the parties' (in the White Paper that followed its failure). Perhaps no change of policy was intended, simply that a greater realism had crept into the meta-language of negotiation (the language in which negotiation about how to negotiate is conducted).

SUPPOSE THE TORIES go for a 'solution', for instance, that allowed for majority rule amid devolved powers with not merely police and security reserved to London, but also a Bill of Rights, constitutional restraints, perhaps even a constitutional court.

This would be repugnant to the SDLP as a party, something they would never publicly or privately agree to; but if imposed, and even if the restraints on the majority were many and obvious, provoking their anger, would it necessarily prove unacceptable? And it might seem a fair enough prospect in American eyes – the obvious implication of Carter's 'federal solution' speech. This could be called the hypothesis of a 'noble defeat' for the SDLP, and a 'pyrrhic victory' for the Unionists.

It has come to this: it is to be hoped that the SDLP, whose holding of the Catholic vote is the only hope of averting civil war, and whose political success must be a rough touchstone of political justice, will obtain a share in any new devolved government in Northen Ireland. This is still the best way towards eventual peace – and five successive opinion polls in the North have shown a majority in agreement with this; though elections so far have always rallied regressive, traditional loyalties, with real fears whipped up by false ones.

If this big step cannot be achieved, however, would the SDLP refuse to take their seats in a provincial parliament which could allow majority rule, given that the new form of government was uniquely restrained by quasi-federal constitutional law?

Their leaders do not like to discuss the hypothesis of the 'noble defeat', even in private. But they would never go back to the old Sinn Fein abstentionism. They could take their seats if the Unionist majority was seen to be chastened by imposed restraints, internationally but conditionally approved, backed

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by American-led investment aid. Their great achievement is to have become a reasonably normal political party.

THIS IS ALSO the hypothesis of a 'pyrrhic victory' for the Unionists. And if there was an election held without the provocation of prior guarantees about power-sharing in government, would the electoral results, with the present divisions in the Unionist ranks, necessarily result in a majority government? Somehow the Dutch, the Belgians, the Austrians and the Italians rub along by coalition amid communal and confessional differences. Or would a majority government that was bound hand and foot be for long acceptable to Unionist politicians, except by getting constitutional restraints and British vetoes off their backs by extending some form of power-sharing?

To try for an *acceptable* Assembly without prior party agreement is in the short-run a risky business. But the long-run risks of another stalemate seem even greater risks, as much to do with public opinion in the rest of the United Kingdom as in Northern Ireland – and in Ireland and the United States. Mrs Thatcher, for good or ill, seems made of tougher metal, more prone to risk-taking than was Sir Harold Wilson (the man who stood by and did nothing while the power-sharing Assembly was destroyed by barricades and strikes). Though she kept out of last Thursday's Commons debate, she had told the *New York Times* (13 November) 'that she would not permit the squabbling political parties to block her political initiative' and that if they said ' "you cannot do anything unless we all agree . . .", she would impose a solution'. Insensitive certainly (as Mary Holland has argued), but not necessarily doomed to failure. There is often a great difference in politics between the agreeable and the acceptable.

Perhaps Lord Carrington's negotiations will have given the machine some confidence again in tough constitutional politics rather than simply tough security measures, noting how all the international pressures in some ways weakened, but in other ways actually strengthened the narrow hand we could play in the Rhodesia-Zimbabwe negotiations. To judge by the Green/White Paper on Northern Ireland, the machine (Whitehall for once learning more quickly than Westminster) now seems to have less hang-ups about the unnaturalness of de-facto federalism to "Sovereignty of Parliament" Englishmen. (One hopes the machine does have something up its sleeve more competent and publicly comprehensible than the shambles of the Scotland Bill.)

Events have forced such thoughts upon us. The SDLP should hope for power-sharing still, but their friends in America may grow impatient if they cannot accept and prepare for a fall-back position, a defensible second-best to get Northern Irish affairs back into their own hands, Protestant and Catholic.

The American dimension brings pressure in both directions. Their prejudice in favour of government restrained by law and by the separation of powers, rather than either majority cabinet rule or power-sharing, may not be a naive piece of nativism but a useful constitutional analogy for us to learn from. The American leaders talk about the unity of Ireland, but as for the SDLP itself, this is very (very) long term: they will accept the institutions of a politically acceptable North.

Given any acceptable framework of devolved or quasi-federal government in Northen Ireland, given geography and economics too, who knows what relations with the Republic would evolve in the long-run – or what novel variations in federal institutions or in functional common administration would grow up between Belfast, Dublin and London (especially with American and EEC economic aid)? The SDLP's 'Irish dimension', like the UDA's negotiated independence, could only emerge realistically from the progress of an established, confident and widely accepted devolved government in Northern Ireland: they are impossible as preconditions. But as long-term goals, they are not even completely incompatible.

ONE THING is certain, however grim and terrible. The Provisional IRA will try to wreck any kind of settlement, good, bad or indifferent, especially anything from which the SDLP emerged with any shadow of credit. They are not merely unpolitical, they are anti-political. They are a militant sect, not the extremists of a Catholic movement. Their contempt 'for the Dublin Government' is only second to their hatred for British government. If the object of British, Irish or American policy is simply to diminish violence, no risks can be taken, direct rule will continue (as the bleak pessimism of *The Times* and the *Observer* enjoins) and the present level of terrorism could drag on indefinitely.

But if the elimination of terrorism by police and army can never succeed without the right political conditions, equally the right political conditions, even, will not for a long time eliminate terrorism. Indeed, if a climate of politics agreeable or even more acceptable to Catholic opinion begins to emerge, the IRA will have to fight a last fight for very survival before the residual communal tolerance on which they survive, less and less active support, radically diminishes.

All this must be faced. Things will get worse before they could get better. There are some signs that the present Government and its security advisers are aware of this and will not lose their nerve (nor will the British public, if there is some initiative, some hope at last). And there are many signs that American opinion would not lapse back into 'old Ireland'. It has a fairly clear understanding of the new needs of a new Ireland.

Perhaps we could begin to think about the real constitutional needs of the British Isles. Sometimes, outside interest is helpful . . .

Behind the town hall pin-up row

Anna Coote writes: The tabloids had a field day last week when they picked up a story from the local papers in the London borough of Lewisham. 'Naughty nudes will be top of the agenda at a council meeting tonight' (*Express*). 'Sexy pin-ups have put a town hall in a tizzy' (*Star*). 'Boobs are busting out all over' (*Mirror*). 'A storm in a D-cup' (*Evening Standard*). 'A storm in a C-cup' (*Evening News*).

It was, as some of Britain's highest-paid reporters put it, a 'rumpus' over 'girlie pics' displayed by male workers in the town hall which had provoked the 'fury' of 'women's libbers' who wanted 'a ban on boobs and bottoms'.

But beneath all that lay a piece of real news, buried up to the neck. Lewisham, it turns out, is the only borough in the country to have its own Women's Rights Working Party. It is a formal sub-committee of the council and it is the first example of a direct intervention from the women's movement into mainstream politics. It was set up a year ago at the instigation of feminists from the local women's centre: it comprises six councillors (including the council leader) and six representatives from the women's centre, and it meets every six weeks. Like several other councils, Lewisham already had a race relations sub-committee, but its policy-making had remained largely unaffected by the special needs of women in the borough. For example, the work of the council's employment sub-committee had been focused entirely on the need to relieve male unemployment – until members of the new Working Party produced a 34-page report, rich in detail, on women and employment in Lewisham, with a list of recommendations for the future. The council should ensure, the report says, that industries assisted in moving into the area 'are those which generally offer employment to women'. And the council's officers 'should make it clear that employers are expected to adhere to an equal opportunity policy', while 'special steps should be taken to ensure that women workers are not given preference simply because they can be paid less than men and wage levels should be monitored'.

Another paper from the Working Party points out that it is no longer sensible to gear public housing to the needs of the nuclear family, since there is now one divorce for every three marriages and 88 per cent of single parents are women. It asks for detailed information about the people who apply for housing, their reasons for needing a home, the council's reasons for refusing them (where appropriate) and training given to staff who deal with homeless applicants. It notes that the council is having difficulty getting rid of its mortgage allocation, 'despite a London-wide scramble toward home ownership and a mortgage famine amongst building societies' and recommends that the council 'reassess its policy and make mortgages available to couples of either sex and also, in certain circumstances, to groups of individuals and extended families'. Whether the council acts on these proposals remains to be seen, but at least it will have to reconsider some of its more entrenched ideas. The Working Party has also produced a paper on child care facilities in Lewisham, and has contributed to national lobbies on such issues as immigration, taxation and abortion. The women are aware that they are not as representative of the female population of the borough as they might be, and plan to hold a meeting in six months' time, open to all women in Lewisham, at which next year's representatives on the Working Party will be elected.

The offending pin-ups have been taken down from the walls of the town hall and so far have stayed down. The trouble began when a women employee made her own personal protest about pin-ups in her office by displaying a picture of a naked man. She was ordered to take it down within 15 minutes – and it was then that she took the matter up with the Working Party.

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London Diary

☐ The papers continue to rumble on about possible 'fresh revelations' in the matter of Blunt. Certain names of a highly-placed description keep coming up in conversation (the NEW STATESMAN, as ever, will not be drawn into any vulgar disclosures). In all this brouhaha, the most vital scoop of the lot has been missed. I allude to the editorial by Mr William Rees-Mogg in *The Times*, which not only discussed the culture of treason at Cambridge a generation ago, but brought the whole argument into contemporary perspective.

> Even in the case of Maynard Keynes, perhaps the finest product of this culture, there may be a parallel between his emotional resentment of the monetary rules which prevented inflation, and particularly the gold standard, and his need to reject the conventional sexual morality of his period. He did not like rules.

Breathtaking, I think you'll agree. The logic is almost as broken-backed as the syntax. Elements of the ancient world used to believe that sodomy was the cause of earthquakes, but it takes Mogg to identify it as the culprit for inflation. Could the logic be taken a little further? At the end of his life, Keynes had 'gone straight' as far as women were concerned, thus estranging some of his Bloomsbury friends. But did this get him back on the gold standard? Oh dear me no.

☐ Not long ago, but before the Blunt affair gave them excuse for this kind of delicious speculation, I read a similar article in the *Daily Telegraph*. Written by, I think, Colin Welch, the argument of the piece was that homosexuals had buggered up the money supply and so on. But it also said that Keynes's most famous quip ('In the long run we are all dead') could only have been coined by a man with no expectation of paternity. Now, your diarist this week is childless. But I should have thought that children were a great reminder of mortality; that one would think, on watching them, that if all went well they would be alive after one's death. The Tory libido is obviously an even more dangerous and dark business than we had thought.

☐ At least the South Africans have come clean about their long-standing military intervention in Rhodesia. Especially since the rise in the price of gold, they have been paying most of Smith's and Muzorewa's war chest. But they now admit to supplying 'advisers' as well – especially for the vital air arm which has slain so many guerrillas and civilians. Not long ago, a South African journalist was prosecuted under the Official Secrets Act (which is modelled on our own) for investigating the extent of Pretoria's commitment against the Patriotic Front. But the timing of this new announcement – right on the zero-hour of Lord Carrington's brinkmanship – cannot just be coincidence. Two things occur to the boggling mind. The first is that if the Tories do decide on a unilateral deal with Muzorewa as their 'second best' solution, then Britain would find itself aligned with the forces of apartheid in a lengthy bush war with Lord Soames in his ostrich feathers at the helm. At a guess, I'd say that would make the Dublin fiasco and the Atkins 'initiative' look pretty small disasters. The second is that Julian Amery, who has the crust to point at unidentified 'traitors' in the Parliamentary Labour Party, is as dumb as an ox when it comes to a foreign country actually invading sovereign British territory. The Amery family has brought us some contrasting examples of patriotism in its time – this one is particularly rich.

☐ Jack Tarshish, who died last week, would have hated to be called heroic. I only met him once, but I should still say that that was what he was. For a well-educated Jewish middle-class person to throw in his lot with the Africans of South Africa is not an easy thing. The regime detained him briefly on several occasions for his political activities, but then in the sixties sentenced him to twelve years. His trial lawyer wanted to mention his distinguished war record as mitigation (he had been charged with possession of dynamite), but he refused to ask for special treatment. He wouldn't have got it anyway – while in prison he was denied drugs for a narcoleptic condition for over a year, and suffered accordingly. A badly-needed operation was also postponed for no obvious reason. Despite representations from all over the world, Jack was not released until he had served his full term and was quite seriously ill. Even then, he was not allowed to leave the country for another eleven months – perhaps an act of Boer revenge for his refusal to sign a paper promising no further political participation. In his last years, the cliché phrase 'a long illness bravely borne' applied to him fully. His family have been very heartened by the number of tributes from African leaders and militants in the last few days. No system that makes enemies of that quality and courage is going to survive – and there will be no mourners for it when it dies.

☐ The thing about Roy Jenkins, and for that matter the thing about William Rodgers, is that they don't seem to have any suggestions to make (unless you call resuscitating the ghost of Dick Taverne a suggestion). After all, we do have a version of the 'mixed economy' which they so revere. We still have the bones of a welfare system on quasi-Beveridgean lines. And we are, in a rather funny way, members of the European Economic Community. What more do the social democrats want? You might think that they want to preserve the gains of social democracy, and would look askance at the Tory policy of unmixing the economy at auction, demolishing the welfare state and disrupting relations with Europe. You would be wrong. They seem to have only one enemy in politics – the poor old Labour Left which has been excluded from power throughout the post-war period; a period during which Messrs Jenkins and Rodgers did rather well for themselves. If there was a hint of self-criticism in what they say, even a slight worry that the endless series of 'Moderate centrist' policies may have had something to do with our present pass, then they might be more serious figures. As it is, I must pay what is probably my last compliment to Paul Johnson. Not many years before he vanished into the fog of Toryism he said of Roy Jenkins that he had never fought for anything except a table in a fashionable restaurant.

☐ Khaled Modieddin was in London this week, representing the socialist opposition in Egypt as a guest of the Labour Party. He is really the last survivor of Nasser's original 'Free Officer' group, and he is still too powerful a spokesman for Sadat to silence. But he told me a depressing tale of political repression in Egypt: the party's papers banned, its activists roughed up by the police, its meetings prevented and its voice in the Parliament stilled. He also spoke well about the increasingly desperate condition of the Egyptian poor, who were told that their standards would improve if they supported the peace treaty with Israel. If anything, the reverse has been the case. As a result of this, he said, and of the repression, there were signs that Islamic fanaticism was on the rise again. The Muslim Brothers, as I know from Cairo earlier this year, are making great strides among the young. Of course, many other Arab states have even less democracy and freedom than this. But they are not covered in the Western press as if their leaders were men of Peace, Freedom and Justice. Khaled said that the invitation for the Shah to come and live in Egypt was decidedly unpopular – but no doubt this will convince the last doubter in the West that Sadat is just the sort of person they have been looking for.

☐ Since we took a look at Bernard Levin's style and method a few weeks ago, he has been doing his utmost to live up to our diagnosis. NS opinion held that he only really attacked soft targets – 'the jackal school of journalism' being a phrase I wished afterwards could have been used in time – and that he had gone decidedly funny about Californian religion. He has written six columns in *The Times* since then. The first three were devoted to putting the boot into Anthony Blunt; a highly individual performance in which words like 'traitor' were freely used and it was pointed out that Stalin's Russia had been a vile tyranny, no less. In its context, this was Levin at his most courageous and alone. The next series dealt with the need for transcendental ecumenicism – a recognition that individuality was all and that all religions were equally insightful on this. These pieces were soft and runny enough. But now we have the invaluable testimony of Snoo Wilson, who took the £150 *Insight* course of five days Love, Beauty and Being. Here is the high point of the treatment:

> I was skulking in a corner when my eye was caught by a small pinkish figure in one corner . . .it was wearing a blonde wig and a tu-tu, although the dancing was less abandoned than the costume. It was not until the vision had picked its way out of the door again with the retreating jolliters that I realised I had been privileged to see the Basic Self of Bernard Levin – an ungainly, lubricious little fairy.

People say Bernard is 'searching for his identity. I would say he'd found it.

Christopher Hitchens

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ A pensioner who bought two pornographic films has complained to Hertfordshire Trading Standards Office in St Albans because the films were not explicit enough. – *Sunday Mirror* (Mike Sones)

☐ Undoubtedly 1979 will go down in history as the year disco became the biggest thing in pop since Beatlemania. – *Evening Standard* (Brenden Pender)

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LETTERS to the EDITOR

A ministry defence

From Lynda Chalker MP

Without replying at length to Frank Field's article, 'Scroungers: Crushing the Invisible', in your issue of 16 November, may I make a few comments to suggest that it would be unwise to take everything he says at face value.

Mr Field said that in 1977/8 'the total amount of detected abuse was less than £4 million'. Not so. The figure quoted relates to the amount of *fraudulent* overpayments written off as *irrecoverable* in that year. In other words, it has no reference to 'abuse' – losses through voluntary unemployment, malingering, failure of husbands and fathers to maintain their separated families etc. And even in terms of fraud (working while claiming benefit, mis-stating family circumstances or assets etc) the £4 millions is no more than an accounting figure. It does not in any way relate to fraud actually discovered in 1977-8 (many of the overpayments deemed 'irrecoverable' related to frauds detected many years ago) much less to undetected fraud in that year.

Indeed, Mr Field might like to reflect on this point. If losses due to social security fraud and abuse were really only running at £4 million a year in 1977-8, why did the previous Labour Government choose to employ some 4,400 staff – at a total administrative cost of at least £25 millions – on counter measures? As Patrick Jenkin has said, this Government intends to increase that force by a further 1,000 officers and as he explained in a Parliamentary reply on 15 November, we estimate that this will lead to an additional saving of broadly £50 million in 1980-81. That saving in public expenditure will come, not from cutting payments to genuine claimants but by avoiding payment to those who do not need, or who are not entitled, to benefit. We shall be monitoring this exercise carefully and we shall review our staffing policies in the light of the results.

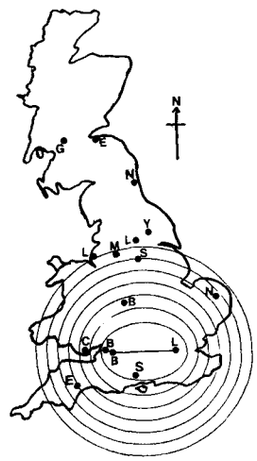
As a second illustration, Mr Field accuses us of fiddling the figures. He suggests that in calculating the benefit savings made by an Unemployment Review Officer, 'Jenkin has simply assumed that all those who stopped drawing benefit did so just because they had been contacted by the Review Officer; he seems to make no allowance for the possibility that they had found jobs independently.' Again, not so. We are fully aware that people leave the register even if they are not contacted by the Review Officer and our figures allow for this, but experience shows that unemployment review action can quadruple the rate of signing off.

If your space and my time allowed, the same kind of qualification could be made about virtually every aspect of Mr Field's article. I wonder why he must spoil some careful research and useful points, by assuming that those who differ from him are either knaves or fools? There are at least three good reasons for tackling fraud and abuse. The first is to make sure that the available money goes to those who should have it, not to those who should not. The second is that genuine claimants should not be discouraged from claiming because of accusations that social security is the refuge of swindlers and scroungers. And the third is that the tax payer and contributor – and it is they who provide the funds, not the Government – must have confidence in the way their money is being spent if they are to support the concept of a caring society. 'There is no reason why social security fraud and abuse should be a party political issue – unless there are some people about who, for reasons of their own, want to make it so. It is not a new problem but we are doing more than any previous Government to tackle it effectively.' Who said that? Mr Stanley Orme, the then Minister for Social Security, in a statement of 21 September 1976.

Finally, may I comment on two other matters raised by Mr Field. He makes much play of what he sees as the sceptical attitude of local officers dealing with the unemployed, and he says that welfare rights organisations find that many claimants are wrongly penalised. He ought to have said that there is a right of appeal against all of those decisions, so that the local officer does not have the absolute power that is implied. And he says that the Prime Minister 'vetoed an increase in child benefits in the last budget on the grounds that it would encourage the work-shy'. In fact those benefits were not increased at the time of the budget because they had already been increased in April from £3 to £4 a week. Resources for benefit improvements are scarce and priority could not be given to increasing Child Benefit generally for the second time in a year, though we did increase the premium payable to one parent families.

Department of Health and Social Security

London-Bath ellipse



From R. S. Scowen

Those treasury civil servants may have been teasing the Labour MP when they talked of siting unpleasant developments outside the 'London-Bath ellipse', i.e. an ellipse with London and Bath as foci. A little mathematics shows that if the earth is regarded as a sphere then there is no such ellipse because the only ellipses that can be drawn on the surface are circles. If on the other hand the earth is assumed flat then there are an infinite number of such ellipses. I enclose a rough map of Great Britain with some of the ellipses superimposed. Note that the line joining London and Bath is itself indistinguishable from some of the 'London-Bath ellipses'.

9 Birchwood Grove, Hampton, Middx

Battle in Barnsley

From Jack Brown, Chairman, Barnsley TUC

Your feature on the political scene in Barnsley was as exhaustive an analysis as I've seen, though the cover title 'Scargill v. Roy Mason' seems rather odd in view of the fact that *Panorama* has dropped a projected programme on the subject since Roy and Arthur deny any confrontation. The only part of the article that is not factually correct is the last paragraph. The political muscle that put Roy Mason into Parliament in 1953 was not right-handed; on the contrary, there was energetic left-wing support and Roy even had the backing of the Communist Party with the strength that organisation has always had in NUM branches. It seems to me that will be a crucial factor in any future considerations and is, therefore, worth correcting. The battle is, and will be, between the idealism that Roy tapped in '53 and the cynicism of Wilson/Callaghan pragmatic politics; it is important to remember how, where, when and in whom the idealism went sour.

51 Lamb Lane, Monk Bretton, Barnsley

A plea

From James Young

Is it too much to hope that one day, in the NS someone will write something *nice* about someone else?

Down Cottage, Crawley Down, Sussex

Looted library

From Patrick Mangheni and Peter Miller

We would like to bring attention through your columns to some of the difficulties currently being faced by Makerere University in Uganda, particularly with regard to the university's library. All finance for the library was cut off in 1974, and in the last few months since the liberation only a portion of it has been restored. In consequence all runs of learned journals ceased, as did the purchase of new books. Moreover, during the recent fighting many books and much library equipment were looted. A university cannot function effectively without a good up-to-date library, and teaching and research must both be severely hampered. We have decided to open a fund to help re-equip the library, and we appeal to all those with a concern for education in Africa to contribute generously. We will ensure that the fund is used for the designated purpose by consulting with the librarian and then purchasing and despatching books to him. If you would like to help please send a cheque made payable to the 'Makerere Library Fund' to one of us at the address below.

The Queen's College, Oxford

Not proven

From David Hendry

It was flattering to see the space devoted to my Inaugural Lecture (NS 23 November) and pleasing to help your laudable efforts to overcome the increasing inaccessibility of econometrics to non-specialists (NS 18 May). Nonetheless, several important mis-understandings require clarification.

Firstly, one of my main themes was the invalidity of drawing *any* conclusions from either the presence or absence of anticipated correlations without first demonstrating that the 'model' being used both adequately described the relevant data and satisfied a variety of tests. Consequently, I was surprised to see the failure of my naive relationship between money and prices heralded as 'A Mighty Blow to Monetarism' – this confuses 'not proven' with 'not guilty', a grievous error to a Scotsman. Since such crucial issues as the relevant definition and measurement of 'money', its endogenous or exogenous status, the mechanism by which 'monetary shocks' might be propagated and realistic lag patterns were nowhere discussed, I would simply reiterate that the matter deserves greater research.

Secondly, the context of the footnote on p.793 may lead to an unfortunate misapprehension. David Worswick's criticisms of econometrics, which my lecture attempted to show were validly based, have in any case influenced neither his nor the National Institute's attitude to the *use* of econometric methods, as I know from my experience as a consultant to the Institute. Indeed, to quote again from David's critique in the *Economic Journal*, 'econometrics has been a powerful force in bringing economic theory back into touch with reality'.

Finally, as many of your readers no doubt will have noticed, figures 2 and 4 actually show plots of data values and *predictions* from the fitted equations.

London School of Economics, Houghton Street, London WC1

Not fascists?

From Terence Prittie

Ian Black's article on the new right-wing 'Tehiya' party in Israel (NS 2 November) was given the headline 'Israel's new fascists'. In the article, Ian Black suggested that the Tehiya party was dangerously irredentist, where the annexation of Arab-inhabited territories was concerned. Not in one single line, or by one single word, did he indicate that the new party was 'fascist'. A word as damning as this should only be used when it is justified.

Britain and Israel, 126-134 Baker Street, London W1.

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FIRST PERSON
Arthur Marshall

In the news

It is not, I have to confess, very often that I find myself fully in sympathy with the somewhat gaunt and unattractive figure of Macbeth. As a host he must be, if not actually faulted, at least open to criticism (how dotty of Duncan not to lock his bedroom door when putting his boots and cross-garterings out) and one can hardly commend his choice of wife, though perhaps in their courtship days Lady Macbeth showed her better and jollier side and was always ready, with an amusing riddle or conundrum, to cheer the man of her choice. A number of possible jokettas that she may have used spring to mind, such as a merry one for Eastertide especially and which goes 'What do you get if you pour boiling water down a rabbit burrow? Give up? Hot cross bunnies.' Or there is one for all seasons: 'What is yellow and dangerous? Give up? Shark-infested custard.' If you dine out a lot and wish for a further selection of such side-splitters to help things along over the soup, merely ask the nearest schoolchild. Classrooms are apparently currently full of such fun. It is not, however, as prospective lover or joke-enjoyer or king that I am in sympathy with Macbeth (did she, I have often wondered, in moments of *tendresse* call him 'Mac'?) but when, as an exhausted human being and with Lady Macbeth very far from well and on Doctor Mactavish's sick list, he announces that he has supp'd full with horrors and implies that he has had just about enough of absolutely everything.

Ditto. People of my generation who have lived (the lucky ones) through two wars and three periods of what is laughingly called peace, will understand just exactly what he means, though at least Macbeth might be said by the critical to have brought it all on himself. Not so for most of us. The miseries of our lifetime have been mainly the work of others – the beastly old Kaiser, odious Hitler, contemptible Mussolini. I was too young to take in the gloomy disaster of the Titanic, but a bit later on I do remember drawn faces at a wartime breakfast and mention of a name that, having a friend called it, I thought of as being the 'Lucytania', and my father refusing porridge, a sure sign in our household that something thoroughly unfortunate was up.

It is never my intention in these pages purposely to depress or agitate and, indeed, I have elsewhere described myself as being the Jeanette Macdonald (bright and jolly and tuneful and not intellectually demanding) of the prose world, and I shall therefore not be providing a list of the various shocks to the nervous system that I and my contemporaries have had to endure down the years. I merely mention their existence by way of explaining why I can now only bear to read some of the more frivolous inner pages of newspapers and why I turn away with a shudder from the headline horrors. I first started to do this a couple of years ago and, far away from the horrid headlines, I found myself immediately in a sort of unreal and fairy-like and enchanted world of bizarrerie and undistressful happenings. Editors don't actually call the columns devoted to this sort of thing, 'News That Gets You Nowhere', but that is what it is and very pleasant too. I warmly recommend it and there has recently been a truly splendid crop of such pleasingly untaxing items from all over the world.

Did you, for example, spot the fact that in far off Bogota (those with that cherished O Level in Geography will be able to pinpoint its whereabouts exactly and it is known, I am given to understand, as 'the Athens of South America', though how accurately I cannot say) a cowboy, aged a mere 18 or so, had become a father of quintuplets and that the young man's own father, proudly musing about the reasons for such splendid fecundity, put the whole thing down to the fact that his son, Antonio, was accustomed to eating a great many beans. Young married couples, their union not yet blessed by Mr Stork and with a nursery to fill, will naturally wish to know the type of bean consumed in such rewarding quantities. Alas, here I must let you down. Wives wishing to, in another sense, give their husbands beans, will find small help here. Antonio's father just said that it was 'the beans grown in the foothills of the Santa Ana Mountains' and until a kind correspondent from that area supplies us with bean information, we must remain in ignorance. They can hardly, I feel, have been our English runner beans, which require trenches of mulch to achieve their full potential. Nor do I see them as being kidney beans, dwarf or otherwise. It seems to me probable that they were those beans that eventually find their way, baked and nestling in a rich tomato-type sauce, into the tins of the wholly admirable Mr Heinz. I have in my time known a generous helping of such beans, heated and perched on toast, to supply a noisy physical result other than quintuplets but no matter. No harm in trying. Intending parents, successful with their bean intake, should not follow Antonio's example. On hearing about the quintuplets he became panicky and is reliably reported 'to have taken to the hills'. Can he, on this occasion and knowing what we know, wisely have avoided the Santa Ana hills? One can only hope so.

Well then, those who have long since written off Sweden as being a country in which nothing of the very smallest interest or importance has ever happened (they have, I believe, the world's highest suicide rate, a sure sign of boredom), apart from the invention of mashed swedes and Swedish drill, must now re-think their valuation. Sad I am, however, to have to report that it is in the field of crime that Stockholm, bright jewel of the North, has recently had its little moment of basking prominently in the public eye of the world. It seems that the Swedes also get their morning newspapers pushed half way through the letter-boxes of their front doors and recently a Stockholm resident, seeking to withdraw his copy of the 'Stockholm Clarion' or whatever, found it being tugged away from him by somebody outside the door. He held bravely on (what a superb tribute to the excellent strength and durability of Swedish newsprint: one feels that one's own paper would have split instantly in two) and found his hand being dragged out, with the paper, through the letter-box, where it stuck under the flap. I do not know what the Swedish for 'Kindly release my newspaper' is but doubtless he shouted it, when breath allowed. Hopeless, I should imagine, to yell for assistance from other members of his household for they would all have been either in the kitchen mashing swedes or in the bathroom doing Swedish drill. So much for inventions! It was not, however, mainly the Stockholm Clarion that the tug-of-war opponent was after. The householder was wearing two rings (those belonging to male Europeans frequently have a diamond or pearl set in them, a somewhat unmanly custom that would certainly cause raised eyebrows in Appleton) and these were speedily pulled off by the thief before his hasty departure. Oh yes, and he took the newspaper with him as well. Could nastiness go further?

And finally, some disturbing church news. Have you noticed that Anglican bishops (a very suspect class of person at the best of times: avoid whenever possible) are getting a goodish bit above themselves? Examples are everywhere but one will, as they say, suffice. I see it confidently reported that those attending divine service in Leicestershire, a county widely known and respected for its piety, are to be urged to place in the offertory-bags (so vastly preferable to those embarrassing plates), and presumably every single week of the year, five per cent of their take-home pay (I assume that the sidesmen will carry digital computers to be able to give a lightning estimate of the sum required, particularly in the case of those whose pay does not come in take-home guise and an envelope). The Bishop of Leicester has, apparently, said 'We want to create a standard of giving.' Oh, you do, do you? And along with it, some of us are fearfully keen on creating a standard of minding our own business.

Roger Woddis

Dust thou art

Despite evidence by chest specialists, the National Coal Board under chairman Sir Derek Ezra refuses compensation to miners suffering from stage 1 pneumoconiosis and emphysema.

Sir moves in a mysterious way,
  Unhonoured and unsung,
And views with modified dismay
  Diseases of the lung.

Deep in unfathomable mines,
  Where pitmen ply their skill,
He looks for little tell-tale signs
  That they are slightly ill.

Ye doctors who are quick to take
  The living for the dead,
Be blind and find, for goodness' sake,
  Some other cause instead.

Judge not Sir Derek by the press,
  But hearken to his case;
Behind a mask of heartlessness
  He hides a frozen face.

The choking chest, the noduled scar
  Are what the miner earns;
For dust he is, as all men are,
  And soon to dust returns.

The NCB cannot afford
  To fill the empty cup;
Nor all the love they bear the Lord
  Will make the Board cough up.

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CHRISTMAS BOOKS — 2

Hermione Lee

Resigned to Death

The Habit of Being: Letters of Flannery O'Connor edited by Sally Fitzgerald *Faber* £8.25

When Flannery O'Connor's first novel was published in England in 1955, the reviews, she said, were 'respectful but not very perceptive'. Since then she has been somewhat neglected here, though there are signs that she is to be given her due as a writer of great originality and power. Faber plans to reissue the two novels, *Wise Blood* (1952) and *The Violent Bear it Away* (1960) and the volume of short stories, *Everything That Rises Must Converge*, first published posthumously in 1965; and the Women's Press will bring out the early stories, *A Good Man is Hard to Find* (1955), in the spring. It's still a pity, though, that Farrar, Straus and Giroux's handsome edition of the *Complete Stories* is available only in America, and that this large selection of her letters is being issued only in a limited printing here. With its rather emotional commentary by O'Connor's friend Sally Fitzgerald, and its sparseness of footnotes, it's evidently meant for *aficionados*.

That her modest output shouldn't have found a wide readership in England isn't entirely surprising. There's her bizarre-sounding name, which, as with other similarly under-valued American writers of the Deep South – Eudora Welty, Walker Percy – sounds alien to English ears. There's the strange allusiveness of her titles, drawn from local sayings ('You Can't Be Any Poorer than Dead'), from Teilhard de Chardin ('Everything That Rises Must Converge'), and from St Matthew ('The Violent Bear It Away'). (The letters have a good joke about the bookstore clerk who said 'We have another by that author called "The Bear That Ran Away With It".') And the English reader familiar with Faulkner and Twain is likely to feel that her predominantly rural Georgia settings, her vividly rendered 'poor white' dialogue, provide yet another quaint slice of backwoods Gothic, what O'Connor bitterly called 'the super-grotesque Carson McCullers sort of thing' that she 'couldn't stand'. Kingsley Amis, reviewing *The Violent Bear It Away* unfavourably in 1960, had that sort of response: 'He ended up saying that I had convinced him that this is the way people were in Georgia. (Horrors!)' Nor, in spite of the interest of the Women's Press, does a writer whose women characters can be exceptionally loathsome, and who refers to Djuna Barnes, Dorothy Richardson and Virginia Woolf ('unfair to the dear lady of course') as 'all the nuts', lend herself happily to feminist studies. 'I just never think of qualities which are specifically feminine or masculine. I suppose I divide people into two classes: the Irksome and the Non-Irksome without regard to sex.'

In part the *Letters* emphasise O'Connor's remoteness and peculiarity: it's sometimes hard to believe how recent they are. The infrequent references to politics ('I think King Kong would be better than Nixon', in 1960) stand out against the brisk accounts of quarrelling negro farm-hands and local celebrations for Bible Week or the Civil War Centenary. Flannery O'Connor lived almost her whole life with her mother on a dairy farm near Milledgeville, Georgia, where, in between writing and going on lecture tours, she raised peacocks, Muscovy ducks and Chinese geese. This was not a voluntary retreat: she had taken an MA in writing at Iowa, had worked at the writers' colony, Yaddo, (with Robert Lowell and Elizabeth Hardwick, among others) where she was a cool witness to some unpleasant literary squabbles, and had lived for two years in Connecticut with Sally Fitzgerald and her family. Nor was she an unworldly recluse: the letters, especially to

her agent Elizabeth McKee, are very sharp about contracts and options, and stand no nonsense from publishers asking her to write more 'conventional' novels.

But in 1951 she developed disseminated lupus erythematosus ('or as we literary people prefer to call it, Red Wolf'), an incurable disease of metabolic origin affecting the skin, kidneys, lungs, or, in her case, the joints, from which her father had died when she was 15. Lupus could be controlled by steroids, but necessitated a life of extreme restrictions: a totally salt-free diet, no exposure to sunlight, daily treatment, and very short working hours: 'It takes seven years to write a novel. The four-hour week.' The mental effects of the disease are incalculable, and the treatments also took their toll: 'Cortisone makes you think night and day until I suppose the mind dies of exhaustion . . .' By 1955 she was on crutches – the steroids caused bone disintegration – and in 1963, when the lupus was dormant, she developed anaemia from a fibroid tumour. The operation for its removal re-activated the lupus, and she died in 1964 at the age of 39.

O'Connor is impressively tough and matter-of-fact about her condition, which was not easily accepted: 'When I faced it I was roped and tied and resigned the way it is necessary to be resigned to death. I thought it would mean the end of any writing.' On the contrary, the work was shaped by it, and is much occupied with an orthodox stoicism modelled on Teilhard de Chardin's notion of 'passive diminishment': adapting to 'those afflictions that you can't get rid of'. Some of the finest stories used handicapped figures – a girl with an artificial leg, a youth who comes back South from literary New York with a 'wasting' disease, an idiot daughter, a near-paralysed old man – not, Carson McCullers-like, for baroque effect, but in order to contemplate, often ironically, the discipline of suffering. Her physical and social confinement bursts through, too, in the magnificent treatment of intractable hostilities within families.

Essentially, O'Connor's subject is acceptance: the point at which her sinners become aware of the awful unavoidability of Grace. All the stories drive towards an appointed end, often of horrifying violence, like the self-mutilation of the unwilling saint Hazel Motes in *Wise Blood*. (She is witty about these endings: 'I am very happy now writing a story in which I plan for the heroine, aged 63, to be gored by a bull.') Not all are as explicit as 'The Enduring Chill', but the ending of this story sums up her subject:

> The boy fell back on his pillow and stared at the ceiling. His limbs that had been racked for so many weeks by fever and chill were numb now. The old life in him was exhausted. He awaited the coming of new. It was then that he felt the beginning of a chill, a chill so peculiar, so light, that it was like a warm ripple across a deeper sea of cold. His breath came short. The fierce bird which through the years of his childhood and the days of his illness had been poised over his head, waiting mysteriously, appeared all at once to be in motion. Asbury blanched and the last film of illusion was torn as if by a whirlwind from his eyes. He saw that for the rest of his days, frail, racked, but enduring, he would live in the face of a purifying terror. A feeble cry, a last impossible protest escaped him. But the Holy Ghost, emblazoned in ice instead of fire, continued, implacable, to descend.

The power of the work lies in its suppression of this severely orthodox subject beneath a brilliantly commonplace surface. ('Everything has to operate first on the literal level.') Its masterly realism springs from the life in Georgia, but its intellectual energy, and its penetration to grotesque extremes, derives from the faith:

> I can't allow any of my characters . . . to stop in some half-way position. This doubtless comes from a Catholic education and a Catholic sense of history – everything works toward its true end or away from it, everything is ultimately saved or lost.

The letters are most interesting for their discussion of the Catholic writer's problems – 'It's almost impossible to write about supernatural Grace in fiction . . . My audience are the people who think God is dead.' – and for their fiercely uncompromising arguments on behalf of a difficult discipline:

> The thought of everyone lolling about in an emotionally satisfying faith is repugnant to me. I believe that we are ultimately directed Godward but that this journey is often impeded by emotion . . . If you want your faith, you have to work for it.

O'Connor's exasperation with 'vapid' Catholicism ('the novena-rosary tradition'), her insistence on a high-powered course of

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reading as an adjunct to faith, her dislike of the Protestant liberalism whose effect is 'to banish intellectual distinctions, to depend on feeling instead of thought', are of a piece with her stoicism, her stringent perfectionism as a writer, her precision as a critic, and her acerbity. The letters are full of satirical vignettes, like the description of Randall Jarrell's family ('Mrs Jarrell is writing a novel. You get the impression that the two stepdaughters may be at it too and maybe the dog'), of her own paintings ('I make Grandma Moses look like an abstractionist'), and of Eudora Welty's approaches to Faulkner:

> She sent one of her love scenes to Faulkner through the mail for criticism and when she didn't hear from him she called him up and said, 'Mr Faulkner, what did you think of that little love scene of mine?' He said, 'Honey, it isn't the way I would do it, but you go right ahead, you go right ahead.'

Though she clearly gives a lot of time to answering letters from oddballs, she is intensely scathing about the sort of questions she is asked ('Will you give me the technique for the frame-within-a-frame short story?') and not at all resigned at being misunderstood by readers and reviewers. She is widely read, and her critical judgments are acute: there are some striking remarks on James's aptitude for vulgarity, on Iris Murdoch's hollowness, on her own avoidance of Faulkner and affinity with Hawthorne, and on her discriminating admiration for John Hawkes and Walker Percy, for Sean O'Faolain and Frank O'Connor ('I keep waiting for some club lady to ask me if I am kin ...'), for Simone Weil, for Nabokov's *Pnin*, for Conrad. And she writes with a likeable kind of robust exasperation about technical problems: 'Point of view runs me nuts. If you violate the point of view, you destroy the sense of reality and louse yourself up generally.' O'Connor is not an easy person to feel affinity for, and her work, similarly, gains its stature from not being easy or agreeable. If she is to be as well-known and as highly praised as she deserves, this sentence from the letters should be borne in mind: 'I admire a saying of Braque's that he made about painting – "I like the rule that corrects the emotions".'

Paul Neuburg

After Djilas

Opposition in Eastern Europe edited by Rudolf L. Tökés *Macmillan* £12
The Intellectuals on the Road to Class Power by GEORGE KONRÁD & IVÁN SZELÉNYI *Harvester* £7.50

It is not good enough for socialists in the West or in Eastern Europe to dismiss the Soviet and East European regimes as not socialism at all – but 'state capitalism' or a semi-Asian mistranslation of the Marxist idea, or some other aberration essentially irrelevant to one's faith in a socialist future. What exists in the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe is socialist praxis.

That is the moral of Iván Szelényi's telling contribution to *Opposition in Eastern Europe*. Szelényi, a Hungarian sociologist arrested and offered a one-way passport to the West after the police in Budapest discovered a typescript copy of *The Intellectuals on the Road to Class Power* (of which more anon), points to two main questions socialists have to resolve about Russia and Eastern Europe today. One is the question of how central planning and the centralised redistribution of profits can be reconciled with economic freedom for the masses – whether to elect workers' councils that really run factories or to affect the policies of the state through the market mechanism as consumers. The second question is the political version of the first one. How can the running of a system based on near-total social ownership and involving a monolithic bureaucracy be reconciled with self-determination for the people?

Szelényi does not claim to have the answers. But he insists that they will have to come from Eastern Europe, from the countries where socialism has been tried, and whose experience cannot be ignored. Not that a socialist opposition in Eastern Europe is likely to have much chance of effecting real change. The Party shows no sign of readiness to consider alternatives to the Leninist principle of 'democratic centralism' which dresses up its own omnipotence as the exercise of the people's unanimous will.

De-Stalinisation, which by rocking the party's self-confidence gave the reformers of the 1960s their openings and raised hopes for an almost ineluctable process of democratisation within socialism, is now a spent force, having only increased the Party's tenacity in defending its centralist rule. As Vladimir Kusin explains, in Czechoslovakia a whole generation of party people carried away by those hopes is now stranded on a politically desolate shore. In Poland too, the socialist elements in an amazingly vigorous and widespread opposition movement – better served by the current issue of *Index* than by Jacques Rupnik's disjointed and weirdly dis-Englished survey in the Tökés volume – have given up hope of democratising the Party and have instead democratised themselves. Their socialism has become watered down while they work to build up 'pressure from below'. Only in Hungary has a kind of compact between the socialist opposition and a Party leadership better skilled in the art of repressive tolerance than any other in Eastern Europe survived. What emerges from George Schöpflin's detailed and sophisticated account is the picture of intellectuals in whom the regime has not crushed the disposition to analyse the ethical, sociological and politico-ideological issues of socialism, instead of producing manifestoes to rouse the masses and the outside world against the regime.

But the masses in Eastern Europe are not easy to rouse. As Alex Pravda shows in the best essay in the book, workers' alienation from the system is expressed in low working morale, absenteeism and large scale moonlighting. When the going gets bad, or food prices are suddenly raised, they grow restive or they may strike and riot and demand – and possibly achieve – major concessions. In response to panicked repression by the authorities or, as in the the case of Czechoslovakia, open Russian intervention, they may rally round calls for democratisation or the national cause. But with trade unions – whatever their value in economistic terms – operating politically as the transmission belts of the Party, and with political action outside the official framework a crime, workers' politicisation rarely lasts, let alone taking the form of support for ideological alternatives.

As an example of the kind of theoretical work born of the East European experience which Iván Szelényi is talking about, *The Intellectuals on the Road to Class Power*, on which he collaborated with the novelist and sociologist George Konrád, is something of a missed opportunity. It has a remarkable thesis. Under capitalism, with wealth in the hands of the capitalist class, the technical, bureaucratic and artistic intelligentsia essentially carry out the will, or dream the dreams, of the bourgeoisie. Under socialism, with property of all consequence socialised, and centralised planning and political management supreme, expertise – technical, administrative, artistic or purely manipulative – becomes the chief source of power. It was out of their frustration with their powerlessness under capitalism that intellectuals joined the movement to bring about the socialist system – which Konrád and Szelényi call the system of 'rational redistribution', placing power in the hands of the intellectuals as 'rational redistributors':

> The Eastern European intellectuals did not 'become socialists' because a reading of *Das Kapital* had convinced them of the validity of Marxism, but rather because in the position they occupied in society they had developed over the years an ethos which could easily find expression in the language of teleological redistribution. They offered their loyalty and services to the new social system because they were profoundly excited by the opportunities which it seemed to offer them.

Unfortunately, instead of deploying the sociological skills they have shown elsewhere to produce a thorough analysis of the new ruling class a whole generation after Djilas looked at it, Konrád and Szelényi spend much of their book trying to prove what is in fact a secondary thesis, namely, that 'rational redistribution' is central to the East European tradition. This involves the two authors in a wild survey of East European history as the history of 'early rational redistribution' – from Ivan the Terrible's Russia to Bismarck's Germany, the Austro-Hungarian Empire and the regimes of the Stalin-Hitler period, all characterised by forms of centralisation and breeding a class of 'rational redistributors' working to achieve the power which socialism finally brought them.

Worse, when it finally comes to analysing the present, it turns out that the class of 'rational redistributors' is after all split between the intellectuals (previously said to embrace all those engaged in 'redistribution') and the 'élite', defined by Party membership and not just running the show but keeping rationality out of it. This is a basic cheat, but it allows Konrád and Szelényi to argue that if the intellectuals want a truly rational system and power for themselves they will have to forge an alliance with the working class, much as they did in the old days. They will have to capitalise on the workers' sense of being exploited and oppressed under the present system, which Konrád and Szelényi describe in the best passages of the book. The programme they propose, however, is that of a technocrats' shake-out expressed in eerily Josephite terms, It may sound attractive to intellectuals contemplating economies subsidised to the point of unreality. But it seems unlikely to rouse the workers to revolution.

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Francis Mulhern

Yes but . . . But yes

The Literary Criticism of F. R. Leavis by R. P. BILAN *Cambridge* £12.50
F. R. Leavis by EDWARD GREENWOOD *British Council with Longman* £0.60

Recent years have brought three studies devoted, thematically and by pronounced authorial inclination, to the work of F. R. Leavis. The first, by a London literary journalist, was Ronald Hayman's *Leavis*. The second, by Edward Greenwood, a former pupil of F. W. Bateson, appears under the aegis of the British Council. And now the Cambridge University Press has published a lengthy academic exegesis, *The Literary Criticism of F. R. Leavis*. These events do not mark a spectacular turn in the history of their subject's reception, but their irony is inescapable. For together they represent, either directly or by association, almost the entire bloc of institutions and milieux to which Leavis, by the logic of his life's work, was most intransigently opposed. What unforeseen cultural transformation can have occurred to make the 'pursuit of true judgment' not only more 'common' than he ever hoped it might become, but almost commonplace?

Neither Greenwood nor Bilan is concerned with such questions. Their purpose is to expound and assess an *oeuvre* which they believe to have been generally correct in its cultural perspectives, and as literary-critical practice, largely just. Greenwood's discussion is of course strictly bounded by the format of the 'Writers and their Work' series, but it does include certain criticisms of Leavis – the instability of his approach to 'character' in the novel, the 'sectarian certainty of righteousness' that marred his appreciation of Lawrence – and some useful reflections on his 'sober Nietzscheanism'. Bilan's study is largely a painstaking elucidation of Leavis's work as a whole, and he too has queries and objections to put and arguments to defend. Against the more common view that Leavis's criticism of poetry was in its own terms superior to the later writing on the novel, Bilan reaffirms the majority opinion of the time, which tended to favour the latter. He also argues, persuasively in the main, that the notion of a 'religious sense' was central to and increasingly emphasised in Leavis's thought. Yet none of these critical or interpretive initiatives is pressed towards the point where sustained criticism or explanation might begin: at no point in either study is there any departure from the terms or perceptual scheme of the Leavisian discourse itself. Greenwood's closing judgment is given in words which are literally Leavis's own, and Bilan's book, scarcely different in this, concludes with the statement that 'Leavis shows a compelling centrality of judgment'. From time to time Bilan permits himself the celebrated formula, 'Yes, but . . .'. The real paradigm of Leavisian 'collaboration', amply conjugated in both studies, is 'Yes, but . . . But *yes*'.

Bilan's study is distinguished by a curious innocence. There is more than one passage that in itself would prompt this observation – as when Leavis's 'explanatory' habit of moralistic psychological insinuation is described as 'a controlled kind of biographical-psychological speculation about the nature of the author's life'. But the underlying condition of the general innocence is an entranced abstraction from history: not merely from what stirs at the edge of the literary-critical vision as 'context', but from *the real history of Leavisian criticism itself*. 'Literary criticism' is not one of the Forms, nor was it created by the happy conjunction of literature, journals and university appointments committees. The effective history of 'literary criticism' as it is mainly known in Britain today goes back no further than the first world war. The circumstances of its emergence were ones of acute cultural crisis, and the process by which it gained legitimacy was one of bitter and protracted struggle. This struggle was the real element of 'the literary criticism of F. R. Leavis', and remains an essential reference for any understanding of it, whether in its original formulation or in the hands of those, like Bilan, who espouse it today.

This cultural crisis had two aspects. First and more obvious was the disordered state of the inherited universe of discourse after the war. Religious belief was in precipitate decline among intellectuals; the great systems of the later Victorian era had been deflated (Spencer's sociology) or destroyed (Green's neo-Idealism); the vogue for anthropology and psychoanalysis was spreading rapidly, as, more slowly, was interest in Marxism. At the same time, a whole complex of social changes was remaking the national intelligentsia, enlarging it, diversifying its patterns of recruitment and occupation, and therewith undermining its settled social posture. Among the proliferating cultural tendencies of these years, the 'Arnoldian' ideal of a 'disinterested' clerisy rooted in literature and functioning as 'the best self' of the nation enjoyed no special privilege. The event that transformed its prospects was the foundation in the early Twenties of a new school of English in Cambridge.

The so-called 'critical revolution' that resulted was publicly identified with the Cambridge school as a whole (recognition came earliest to I. A. Richards and William Empson) but by 1932 its main energies had been either harnessed by the Faculty or – more explosively – diverted into a small circle of research students and freelance teachers whose want of institutional security was more than made up in an already conspicuous intellectual passion. Now it was that *Scrutiny* came into being, as the 'armed and conscious' nucleus of an intellectual estate such as Arnold had envisaged, committed to a 'revolution' whose curricular innovations were mere tokens of a programme directed ultimately to the culture as a whole.

Scrutiny's 'literary criticism' was not, then, simply a matter of methodological renewal; it was rather the focal activity of a discourse whose object was the forms and conditions of survival of ideological community in the modern world. The combination of this cultural programme with the social drives of the journal gave the ensuing history its distinctive quality. *Scrutiny* was also a rigorously meritocratic enterprise. No benefit of social provenance (public school and Oxbridge) or association (the London 'coteries') could legitimately be invoked against *les carrières ouvertes aux talents*; no appeal to orthodoxy (Eliot) or systematic theory (Marxism) could be allowed to hinder the 'free play' of the unaided 'intelligence' – and this for a reason inscribed in the basic design of the Arnoldian programme: the fate of 'culture' and of 'community' was practically dependent on the social destiny of a new and still insecure profession: those who practised and taught the 'essential discipline' of 'criticism'.

There is no need to rehearse the particular controversies of *Scrutiny*'s career; they have long since become legendary. It is more pertinent to ask why so little of this history is effectively registered by Greenwood (notwithstanding his opening sketch of post-war English culture) or (in spite of an introductory chapter on Leavis's social thought) by Bilan. Or rather – for this is the more appropriate form of the question – how did *that* history lead finally to *these* so measured, almost placid exercises in critical affirmation? It would be unjust to leave the impression that these incongruities are matters for individual blame; they are if anything quite representative. And what they represent is the toll of victory.

For victory did, in one commanding respect, fall to *Scrutiny*. By the mid-Fifties, English literary education had been effectively remade from top to bottom, and with it, much of academic literary criticism. Yet this was not a straightforward triumph, for its costs included the decline and closure of *Scrutiny* itself. As the concerted struggle of the Thirties mutated slowly into the settling consensus of the Fifties, the distinctive *modus operandi* of the journal became less necessary, then embarrassing and finally a cause of alienation, even among many who readily acknowledged their debt to it. What had once seemed vigorous and iconoclastic came increasingly to appear merely obsessional and vengeful, and as a new generation took up its positions in the journals, the publishers' lists and in a thousand classrooms, Leavis was isolated – in public belief and in fact more influential than ever, but according to his own practical understanding, powerless.

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The fortunes of Leavis's literary and cultural criticism, in the new, professionalised conditions of the discipline of English, were complex. As Greenwood observes, reworking Leavis's judgment on Wittgenstein, the 'disciples' proper were mostly 'insignificant epigones'; the real, enduring power of the master was relayed 'through influences of a more indirect, subtle and, often, unexpected kind'. Those 'influences' are still potent today, in much humanistic social and cultural thought and more so in the theory and practice of education. But on the high ground of *la critique universitaire*, a falling-off is manifest. This is attested not only by the rapid pluralisation of specialist literary discourse in the last decade, but also, and more tellingly, by the manner in which Leavis is understood now by his loyalists. *The Literary Criticism of F. R. Leavis* leaves no room to doubt that 'the essential discipline' has dwindled at length to the unassuming cultural proportions of its own common name. Some such involution was historically more or less unavoidable; the probable fate of *Scrutiny* was woven into the battle-standard raised in 1932. But it is still disturbing, even to someone radically out of intellectual and political sympathy with *Scrutiny* and its chief editor, to see how a project born in crisis and defended with courage and fidelity against all opposition, could reach conclusion in the academic bathos of reiteration duly qualified.

Jim Hopkins

Killing & Eating Father

Freud: Biologist of the Mind by FRANK J. SULLOWAY *Burnett Books* £11.95

Freud said that psychoanalysis was based on clinical work. This involved interpretation of human behaviour and mental life, particularly that shown in analysis in free association, revival of memory and phantasy, and transference of past feelings and attitudes on to the analyst. Thus, apparently, Freud was able radically to extend the commonsense psychology in terms of which we articulate motive, thought and feeling in everyday life. His clinical writings link easily recognisable phenomena with unrecognised phantasies and motives, describe the working of the mind in accord with such interpreted examples, and illustrate and support a range of further theories of psychological development and function.

Also, Freud assumed that psychology studied in another aspect what went on in the brain and body, whose fundamental properties had been determined by evolution. He used models and analogies from the physical sciences, tried to frame psychological concepts which could be replaced by physical ones when more was known, and followed out evolutionary lines of thought.

In particular, by assuming that the individual so inherited traits his ancestors had acquired as to repeat in his development aspects of the history of the species, Freud related repression to the acquisition of upright posture and the super-ego to the killing and eating of the primal, castrating father. Freud admitted that these attempts to link what was clinically based with the remote past were speculative, and his students have tended to disregard them.

It is apparently the perspective indicated here – in which Freud is seen as having found interpretative methods and results, and a context of research, which enabled him to extend everyday psychology into theories of remarkable scope, explanatory power, and remoteness from common sense, against a background of physical and evolutionary speculation – which Frank J. Sulloway wishes to reverse.

He has attempted 'a comprehensive intellectual biography' with 'an entirely new historical interpretation of Freud and his theories', namely, that 'many, if not most, of Freud's fundamental conceptions were biological *by inspiration*'. Hence Freud should be regarded as a (psycho) biologist, but a secret and partly unknowing one, a 'crypto-biologist'; and likewise Freudian theory, at least in large part, as crypto-biology.

Sulloway tries first to show that much of Freud's theoretic work is traceable to unrecognised but broadly biological sources, including his friend Wilhelm Fliess. Also he takes biological ideas which appear explicitly in Freud's writings, but represents them, contrary to Freud, as pivotal. The use of evolutionary biology (as above), he says, enabled Freud to solve the three main problems, concerning repression, sexuality, and choice of neurosis, which occupied him throughout his career; and the death instinct is central to Freud's late work.

This leads to the second main theme of the book, Sulloway's unmasking of the 'complex and politically expedient mythology' created by 'psychoanalytic devotees' (mainly analysts), and resting centrally on the 'two great myth complexes' of (i) Freud as a 'pure psychologist' whose ideas came mainly through the practice of analysis on himself and others, and so (ii) were original to him, a mythic solitary intellectual hero, rather than inspired by the scientific context of the time.

Freud, Biologist of the Mind is a remarkably clever, erudite, and challenging book, which deserves recognition and study for bringing out more cogently than any other both the biological aspects and scientific context of Freud's work. Sulloway's reader will be helped to see, for example, that Freud's relations with Fliess were genuinely collaborative, and that Freud's biological thought was coherent and tenacious and often an integral part of his theoretical work.

Still there seems a pervasive source of error in both parts of Sulloway's argument. The inspiration of theory cannot entirely be divorced from its use in explanation; for to say that theory was devised to explain certain things is already to say something about what inspired it. Having set his face against pure psychology, Sulloway seems forced to try to divorce the two, in order to argue that Freud's theories, devised for psychological explanation, are yet biological in inspiration.

Thus Sulloway works assiduously to relate Freudian theory to biology, but not likewise to the clinical material which would suggest its psychological inspiration. Further, he fails explicitly to consider psychological as distinct from biological aspects of the theories he discusses (this particularly vitiates his account of infantile sexuality, the Id, the death instinct and Freud's self-analysis). Since in the first part of the book Sulloway repeatedly blacks in and highlights the biological lines of Freud's thought while omitting even to sketch in the clinical, he is left with a picture which is neither comprehensive nor accurate. So in the second part he has cause beyond truth to contradict the analysts, who see Freud differently.

Conversely, when Sulloway does consider clinical work – he discusses *The Interpretation of Dreams* and *The Psychopathology of Everyday Life* together with the book on wit and the case of Dora in a chapter separate from his argument – he suggests no biological inspiration and places Freud among 'the most creative scientific minds of all time'. Since here Sulloway espouses almost exactly the view of Freud – as pure psychologist and individual discoverer – which elsewhere he tries to discredit, it seems his argument would be radically altered if he related more of Freudian theory to clinical data. For certainly the geography of Freud's thought is not, as in Sulloway's exposition, with an oasis of pure psychology around these works but not elsewhere. (Sulloway doesn't, for example, consider the other case histories.)

Further, Sulloway says that these books and the *Three Essays on Sexuality* include 'virtually all the essential aspects' of psychoanalysis. Although superficial, this suggests that accounts of Freud in terms of psychology alone are not so much attempts to create myth as to focus on the essential aspects of his work, and those used in explanation. Sulloway nearly acknowledges this, but his stress falls differently.

Freud regarded the writings in which Sulloway says evolutionary biology resolved his problems as speculative. This meant, as is clear elsewhere, that he did not think the problems solved. His explanatory priorities are also significant. In discussing the Wolf Man Freud noted difficulty in explaining the presence and power of certain ideas – e.g. of castrating, or perhaps devouring, parental figures – in terms of childhood experience; but he took it as 'a methodological error', of dubious explanatory value, 'to seize on a phylogenetic explanation before the ontogenetic possibilities have been exhausted'.

He later accepted such explanation only as required for 'the residual phenomena of analysis' which did not yield to the preferred, psychological kind of understanding. Here as elsewhere the role of biology as opposed to psychology is far less central and determining than Sulloway suggests.

And Freud's colleagues were right to cease to emphasise biology, in accord with his priorities, as they came to better psychological understanding of these phenomena. For mere speculation about how things came to be as they are adds little to explanation, while what yields to analysis has not been fixed by biology.

Sulloway's forceful, learned book must long remain the definitive argument for the role of the biological in Freud. Still he seems, like many others, to have failed to take adequate account of the maxim that we cannot understand a theory, psychoanalysis included, without knowing how it relates to the data it was devised to explain.

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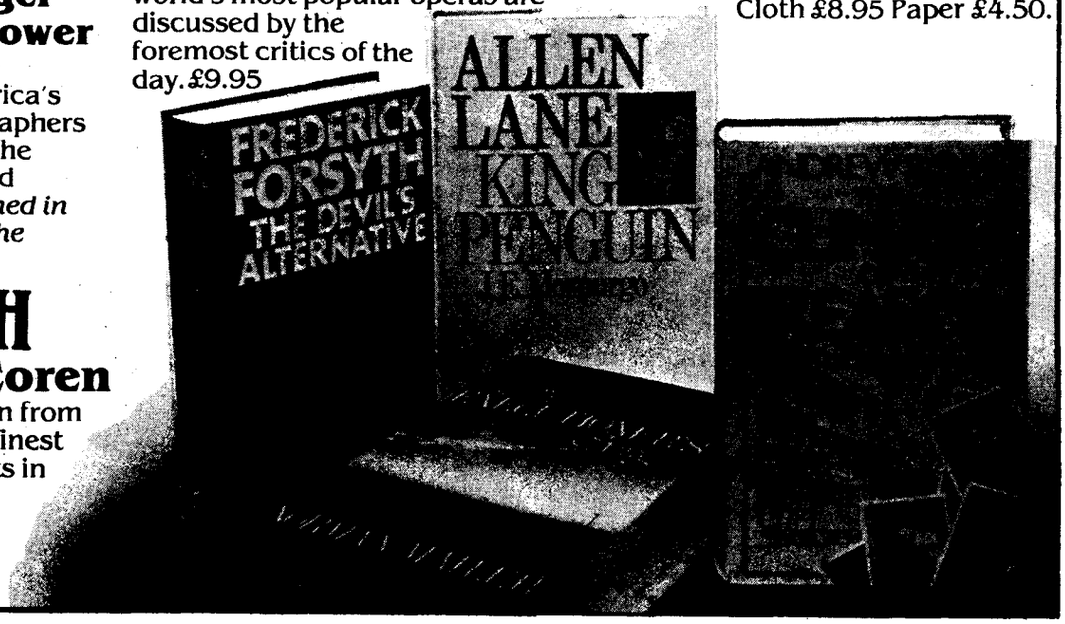

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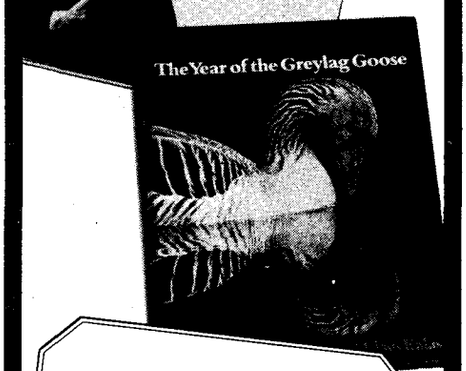

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From the Heat of the Day by ROY A. K. HEATH *Allison & Busby* £5.50 & £2.50
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It is some years now since Kurt Vonnegut renounced his burgeoning career as a radical pundit. The applause and the easy money of public speaking, he argued, were a dangerous distraction from the real business of the writer. But this decision was not taken in the belief that a novelist could exert a practical influence in some other way. Rather it involved a conscious abandonment of political effectiveness. 'If the writer tries to put his politics into a work of the imagination', Vonnegut insisted in the preface to *Wampeters Foma & Granfalloons,* 'he will foul up his work beyond all recognition.'

At first sight his new novel, *Jailbird,* seems a direct result of that unexpected self-denial. Its likeable internal narrator is a convicted Watergate conspirator. How can the sympathetic treatment of one of them represent anything but an almost ostentatious exclusion of Vonnegut's familiar views? In fact you don't have to read many pages to realise that the reverse is the case. This is as political, and as opinionated, a book as Vonnegut has ever written, with a prologue about a fictitious piece of strike-breaking to make its purposes plain.

Walter F. Starbuck, the hero, is less a Nixon sidekick than an accidental man. His long career as a political fall-guy begins in 1949 when he has the bright idea of pointing out to a congressional committee how many former communists proved to be outstanding patriots during the war, thereby ruining his entire circle of friends. In 1970 Nixon remembers the amiable dupe who did so much to advance the McCarthyite cause and rewards him with a comfortable sinecure. But the political egg is just itching to get back on to Starbuck's honest face. As the scandal breaks, his obscure office is chosen as a suitable hiding place for the illegal compaign contributions and Walter ends up in jail with the rest of the gang.

His name, I suspect, is meant to remind us of *Moby Dick* where another Starbuck is Ahab's good-hearted but ineffectual first mate. Unlike Melville's character, however, he survives his years with the monster and begins a new life. Emerging from prison he goes to New York and there meets Mary O'Looney. This crazy old 'shopping bag lady' proves to be not only his own long-lost first love but also the principal stockholder of the world's largest conglomerate.

Alone of the pre-war comrades she has kept the faith. Now she is pursuing a campaign of covert nationalisation, taking over businesses in order to give them back to the people. The broken Starbuck suddenly finds himself wielding unprecedented and extraordinary power.

What this freewheeling fairy story is about, in fact, is less the political events of 1979 than the American economy. We learn in the closing pages that Kilgore Trout (Vonnegut's fictitious sci-fi author, present here in yet another incarnation) is planning to write a story about economics. His creator has, of course, just done precisely that. The comic chaos of *Jailbird* manifests Vonnegut's belief that the economy is 'a thoughtless weather system and nothing more', a process as indifferent to human rights and needs as frost or snow or tempest.

The book is a splendid refutation of the fear that political opinions necessarily foul up a work of the imagination. *Jailbird* is as provoking, as amusing and as silver-tongued as anything Vonnegut has written. Whether the politics themselves add up to much is, however, another matter. It may be that the characteristic simplifications of science fiction can't really cope with the analysis of something as complex as an economy. Certainly an indignant retelling of the story of Sacco and Vanzetti, and a couple of comic parables don't here suffice.

Vonnegut's books are like soufflés, infinitely tempting but ultimately a little insubstantial. Randolph Stow's *Visitants* has precisely the opposite effect. For the first 100 pages the reader is obliged to struggle with obscurities of plot and language. Only at the end do you realise quite how much you have missed, and how thoroughly the text deserves a second reading. This is a novel set in the Territory of Papua and the narrative technique is that of Faulkner's *As I Lay Dying.* The story, in other words, is told by eight different narrators, not all of whom speak conventional English.

Nor is the plot simple. An Australian Patrol Officer is visiting a tribe in which a dynamic struggle is reaching its peak. He is undergoing a severe nervous breakdown. And the cargo cult, which periodically afflicts these islands, has taken a new turn with the disturbing suggestion that the supernatural benefactors come from a UFO.

Out of these unusual materials Randolph Stow has built a complex and satisfying book. His account of Papua is as evocative as it is expert, and he handles the tragic conclusion with delicate skill. A talent which can deal so surely with subjects as difficult as the expression of affection between human beings of profoundly different cultures is one to be cherished.

Roy A. K. Heath's *From the Heat of the Day* is yet another novel about hypergamy, that well-worn theme of the Kingsley Amis generation. The difference is that this particular marriage to a woman of higher social class takes place in Guyana and in the 1920s. Armstrong is a black post-office official, whose life with the marginally superior Gladys is led in the lower reaches of a colonial society. She is demeaned and disappointed. He is left remorseful, and baffled by life's mysteries. Nothing profoundly new is said. It is, however, intriguing to see these familiar patterns played out against an exotic setting.

Heath's sense of the exotic is at least genuine. The stories in Clive Sinclair's collection *Hearts of Gold* bust a gut in order to be strange and end up sounding like a travel brochure. By turns fashionably macabre, fashionably sexy, fashionably tasteless and fashionably Jewish, they manage to be eclectic without ever ceasing to be second-hand. If there are hearts of gold lurking here it's hard to see them for the feet of clay.

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John Arden

Inclosure like a Buonaparte

A Writer's Britain: Landscape in Literature
by MARGARET DRABBLE *Thames & Hudson*
£10.50

This book left upon me a singularly melancholy impression. I have not actually read it from start to finish, which is, I know, an improper admission for a reviewer: but in this case I do not think it matters. Although Ms Drabble has framed her work with some suggestion of continuous themes and a beginning, a middle and an end – she heads her chapters systematically enough with such titles as *Sacred Places, The Pastoral Vision, The Industrial Scene*, and so on – there does not seem to me to be any need to take it all of a piece as a volume of continuous argument. It is not a comprehensive study of all British writers who were affected by landscape, nor of all landscapes in Britain that affected writers. Nor does it purport to come to any decisive conclusions to which every writer and landscape cited is expected to make a dialectic contribution. It is, rather, a long ramble among writers whom Ms Drabble enjoys, with substantial quotations from their works bearing upon landscape, and her own comments on these and on the social conditions and attitudes which influenced them. It is thus hardly possible to 'review', except by rambling likewise in an equally subjective manner.

An example of her method (not random, but picked because I have recently been re-reading *Bleak House*: and because not long ago I made my first trip to Lincolnshire and was surprised how like it was to what I had imagined from reading Tennyson):

> Other writers describing Lincolnshire are full of Tennysonian echoes, inevitably. Dickens, the least enervating of writers, seems subdued by the scenery, and produces in *Bleak House* a dreariness that rivals the master's . . .'The waters are out in Lincolnshire. The arch of the bridge in the park has been sapped and sopped away . . . etc.' An acquired taste, perhaps, this kind of atmosphere – but Tennyson acquired it early and passed it on to others. On leaving Somersby . . .he wrote to a friend, 'A known landskip is to me an old friend that continually talks to me of my youth and half forgotten things . . .'

In short this is a book to dip into and browse about until you find a passage that meets your mood – a most unfashionable recommendation these days. The sterner student will no doubt mutter about self-indulgent nostalgia and ornaments for the 'coffee-table' of the leisured and loathsome monetarist. There is admittedly a great deal of nostalgia invoked, which is why I spoke of melancholy: though it is the nostalgia not of Ms Drabble (whose observations are often acid), but of the writers she quotes, nearly all of whom, from the earliest times have seen landscape as something they had known as children that is no longer what it was, or what they thought it was, or what a previous generation had hoped it to be. An Anglo-Saxon poet glooms over the ruins of a Roman town:

> Wonderful is this wall of stone, wrecked by fate,
> The city buildings crumble, the bold works of giants decay . . .

There are social distinctions acutely drawn – the labourer John Clare, for instance, looks at fields from a hedge-planter's eye-level, but even so:

> By Langley bush I roam but the bush hath left its hill
> On cowper green I stray tis a desert strange and chill . . .
> Inclosure like a buonaparte let not a thing remain
> It levelled every bush and tree and levelled every hill . . .

whereas the landlord-gratulating Thomson beams from the terrace of the Big House at the 'goodly prospect' of somebody's property, but seems unable to contemplate a bit of woodland without thinking of bereavements:

> . . . Beneath whose shades, in spotless peace retired,
> With her the pleasing partner of his heart
> The worthy Queensbury yet laments his Gay.

Don't we all know these intimations of lost love? This summer I revisited my home town of Barnsley for the first time for years: for a brisk enough purpose indeed – I was

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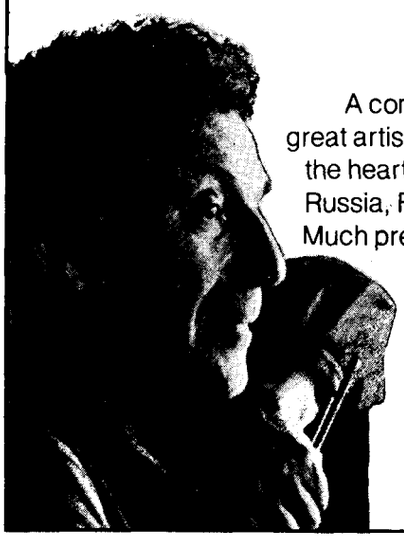

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helping a gallant Irishman in the election to begin the current process of discrediting Roy Mason – and his campaign was exhilarating: but the transformation since I was last there of the bleak old *Hard Times* pit-town into a kind of pseudo-Slough nearly brought me to tears in the street. And this, I must emphasise, had nothing to do with the *people*, who (even though they were now manufacturing silicon chips perhaps instead of hewing coal) still laughed and talked and swore as critically and abruptly as ever, like a club-full of stand-up comics.

My emotion was purely derived from the mutability of familiar artefacts: and landscape in Britain is the biggest artefact of all, jungles and desert being outwith Ms Drabble's chosen boundaries. And yet, for some reason, throughout all of Jorge Lewinski's exquisite photographs that accompany her writing, there are hardly any people. It is not that the text ignores people. Ms Drabble herself, and those whom she quotes, are constantly discussing the human beings who inhabit the British landscape. But whatever they say, or whatever she says about them, is constantly undercut by these funereal images of strange empty fields, hills, woods, houses, gardens, streets, until – from the look of the book alone – one might think that our country was newly visited by the neutron bomb.

I don't understand this: some readers won't like it at all: others will enjoy it too much – people suggest politics *and we don't want to know* – (consider the violent response of certain right-wing art-critics recently to a colleague's mild suggestion that Constable's paintings were unpeopled because the artist had problems about his father being Boss of the Stour): but altogether it contributes to a very odd complex of emotions which goes far beyond the normal requirements of the Christmas-time fine-art market.

On the subject of markets, the publishers really must be praised for keeping their price down to so 'moderate' a figure. By any standard save that of the Weimar Republic run mad, £10.50 is outrageous: but then that is now our standard, and so many shorter and less interesting books with far fewer pictures cost so much more.

Godfrey Hodgson

Second Coming Postponed

Daniel DeLeon: the Odyssey of an American Marxist by L. GLEN SERETAN *Harvard*
The American as Anarchist: Reflections on Indigenous Radicalism by DAVID DELEON *Johns Hopkins* £9.75
Bisbee '17 by ROBERT HOUSTON *Writers & Readers* £5.95

Long ago, the German sociologist Werner Sombart wrote a paper in an attempt to answer a question that becomes more and more pertinent: *Why is there no socialism in the United States?* Literally, of course, the question is based on a fallacy. There have been socialists in the United States, and there are still some there today. Only this spring, a rather distinguished group of Americans met in Houston at the convention of the Democratic Socialist Organising Committee. In the last quarter of the 19th century, and in the first two decades of this century, socialist ideas and ideals appealed not only to the intellectuals and the European immigrants of the East, but also to the miners, railroad workers, lumberjacks and factory hands of the Middle West and West, squeezed as they were by an often ruthless process of capital accumulation.

By 1912 the socialists could claim one member of Congress (Victor Berger of Milwaukee) and 56 mayors. The Socialist party had more than 100,000 members, and in that year Eugene Victor Debs got almost one million votes for President. That was the high point of socialist influence. What sets the United States apart is the repeated failure of socialists to create mass institutions of lasting importance, and the almost complete rejection of socialist ideas by those who – to avoid theological disputation about whether there is such a thing as the American working class – must be called ordinary working Americans.

Why has this been so? Werner Sombart thought he knew the answer. It was the abundance of life in America, even for the ordinary working man and his family, that inoculated him against socialist ideas. 'On the reefs of roast beef and apple pie,' he wrote, 'socialistic utopias of every kind are sent to their doom.' It is an explanation that has appealed to many Americans. When American Marxists of the 'Old Left' used to debate the question of 'American Exceptionalism', this is what they meant: did the abundance and relative democracy of American society make it an exception to the laws of Marxist history and economics?

Thirty years or so ago, the case for American exceptionalism in that sense was easier to make than it is today. Then, for one thing, the United States really was exceptionally abundant. A liberal historian like David Potter could argue in *People of Plenty* that what made Americans exceptional was that they earned twice as much as Europeans because of efficiency and hard work. It is hard to make that case now, when citizens of half a dozen European nations earn more on the average than Americans do. Energy shortages, low investment, declining productivity and falling competitiveness on world markets make it look as though the United States is catching the British disease. What is exceptional about the United States, it begins to seem, is not so much what Americans do for themselves, as what they think about themselves, not the American economy, but the American ideology. It is not so much that Americans reject socialism because they are exceptional, as that they are exceptional in the degree to which they reject socialism.

Three books, each focusing on a different facet of American radicalism, do not add up to an answer to Sombart's question – a question, incidentally, that preoccupied Marx and Max Weber as well. They do perhaps help to eliminate some erroneous explanations. Is there, for example, no Left in America because there has not been enough exploitation and repression there to call a Left into being? Anybody who was sufficiently ignorant of the history of slavery, of the Indian wars, and of 19th-century industrialisation to put

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forward that hypothesis would be badly shaken by Robert Houston's punchy 'documentary-novel' about the strike led by the International Workers of the World, the legendary Wobblies, at the Copper Queen mine at Bisbee, Arizona, in 1917.

Some three months after the US entered World War I, with demand for copper shell-casings brisk and copper profits consequently healthy, Sheriff Harry Wheeler of Cochise county and a monster *posse* moved in and arrested 1,186 strikers at the Phelps-Dodge company's mine, bundled them on to cattle trucks with no food and little water, and shunted them 180 miles into the middle of the New Mexico desert, from which they were lucky to return alive; not all of them did.

From the Great Upheaval of 1877, by way of the Haymarket massacre of 1886, the bloody Pullman strike of 1894, the terrible strikes at the Cripple Creek and Ludlow mines in Colorado, the textile strikes at Lawrence, Massachusetts, and Paterson, New Jersey, and the Wobbly wars in the west, down to the battles of River Rouge in Detroit, Harlan county in Kentucky and Gastonia in North Carolina in the 1930s, the history of American industrial relations, over 50 years and in every corner of the county, is the story of armed conflict with no quarter given on either side. It is also the story of ruthless and on the whole successful repression by goons on the picket lines, lynch mobs and vigilantes too often backed by courts and State and local authorities.

One part of the answer to Sombart's question must lie there. If neither militant unionism nor socialism as a doctrine ever fully recovered after 1919, it was partly because repression worked. Between the passing of the Espionage Act of 1917 and the Palmer raids in 1919, not a few socialists and unionists were lynched. Hundreds were summarily deported to the Soviet Union. And unknown thousands went to jail.

Repression does not provide the whole answer, though. Even such an unswerving revolutionary socialist as Daniel DeLeon, leading light of the *pur et dur* Socialist Labor Party from 1890 until his death in 1914, conceded that 'American capitalism has not yet succeeded in wholly wrecking a country that is wonderfully favoured by its geographical position, its historic development, and its boundless natural resources.' One of the problems for American socialists has always been that American workers, rightly or wrongly, stubbornly continue to have faith in the promise of American capitalism.

L. Glen Seretan has written a scholarly monograph about the life of DeLeon, a brilliant but somewhat arid Marxist theorist. He interprets DeLeon's political wanderings in terms of the legend of the Wandering Jew. According to mediaeval tradition, this was a man who refused to allow Christ, on the road to Calvary, to rest on his doorstep, and was therefore condemned to wander homeless until the Second Coming. Apparently DeLeon was fascinated by an 1840s left-wing novel with this theme, *Le juif errant* by Eugène Sue. Seretan perhaps makes too much of the conceit, though it is true that DeLeon wandered far enough, both geographically from his birthplace in Curacao, and intellectually from his political beginnings as a 'mugwump' – aristocrat reformer – at Columbia University in New York after his return from studying in Germany in the 1870s.

Daniel DeLeon was a remorseless opponent of what he called 'the labor lieutenants of capital' in the American unions. He once compared the American labour movement to the Czar of Russia's army 'which, though composed wholly of workingmen, is officered by the exploiting classes'. He was insistent that elected candidates of the socialist parties must 'preach and demand the revolution . . . Anything short of that is logrolling.' Yet he failed utterly in his efforts to make his own party anything more than an ideologically pure sect. It was his own ironic fate to be expelled from the Wobblies, whose original charter he helped to write, just as he had expelled so many deviationists from his own party.

It would be pleasant to think that David DeLeon is a descendant of Daniel; his publishers do not tell us. If so, two or three generations of America have softened the radical grain without warping it.

David DeLeon's tolerant and learned essay argues the case for a native American anarchism, based on indigenous libertarian individualism. He rejects European socialism as 'statist'. 'The "successes" of social democracy and Communism,' he says, 'may yet force a re-evaluation of the "failed" truths of anarchism . . . which may now form one of the few historical sources of hope.' David DeLeon has thought a good deal about the origins of the American anarcho-radical tradition. In the American beginning, he says, was Protestantism, and the substitution of conscience for community as the source of moral judgment. He traces that tradition from 17th-century Puritans like Anne Hutchinson through radical anti-slavery men like William Lloyd Garrison, antinomian transcendentalists like Thoreau, and anarchists like Benjamin Tucker.

Secondly, he bravely insists that 'we cannot understand American radicalism unless we understand American capitalism'; its values are everywhere, and influence the radical as well as the apologist, the 'left libertarian' as much as the 'right libertarian'. Thirdly, DeLeon cites the effects of 'physical and social space'. He quotes Archibald MacLeish:

> East were the
> Dead kings and remembered sepulchres
> West was the grass.

Here he comes a little too close to classic American Exceptionalism for my scepticism. There were snakes in the grass, human snakes with Winchester rifles, and their masters were economic royalists back East.

I would argue that DeLeon has omitted other important reasons both for the weakness of the socialist tradition in the United States, and for the growth of an indigenous, anarchist radical tradition instead. I would suggest that capitalist values have been grafted on to the political religion of American democracy, so that those who reject capitalism seem to be rejecting democracy itself. I would mention the widespread acceptance of equality of opportunity rather than equality of condition as the goal of social justice. I would try to analyse the effects of two titanic facts of American history, immigration from Europe and southern slavery, in dividing the workers and preventing the emergence of a working class consciousness.

David DeLeon has his own answer, however, and he argues it persuasively. It is that socialism is the product of the scarcities of Europe and of European preoccupation with a lost ideal of community and order, and that the American looks elsewhere, to another city of individual liberation. You may not accept his prescription, but it is an authentically American one, and European radicals have much to learn from its insistence on liberation.

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Peter Levi

A Cuckoo Clock

Housman: The Scholar Poet by R. P. GRAVES *Routledge* £9.75
Looking for Laforgue by DAVID ARKELL *Carcanet* £6.95
Carpenters of Light by NEIL POWELL *Carcanet* £6.95
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There was a generation of intellectuals that hardly read Housman at all, because he was the sort of poet their schoolmasters liked. Today, however limited, however eccentric his talent was, most of us admire and remember at least a handful of his poems. He has been lucky in the intelligence and prose style of those writers to whom he meant most. But not quite lucky enough. They have never been the sharpest or the deepest critics, or the most life-giving biographers. Little by little the truth has emerged, all the same, though never all in one book, not even in this latest one, which is by far the best and fullest.

Its weakness is on Housman's scholarly side, which one might fairly expect to be subtly and fully discussed. I was irritated to see the poor old man continually chided for arrogance as a scholar by someone who believes that Ovid wrote odes. Of course, other studies exist; yet if Housman is split up, no single part of him makes sense. The autumn leaves of his poetry depend on the coldness and the light, they are poised just on this side of putrefaction, and without the touch of frost in his personality they would drop away into a wet mush. The frost is classical, he learnt his despair from Sophocles as well as from life.

This is a rather churlish criticism, because Mr Graves does give us a much more complete Housman than anyone else has done: the religious mania that brooded over his childhood, the mother who completed his ruin by dying when he was 12, the drunken, dishonest father, the influence of Lemprière's classical dictionary, of Carroll and Lear and the verses of G. A. Simcox, the hopeless love affairs, and in later life the annual holiday for sex in Paris. Housman's homosexuality was not repressed, as we used to suppose. He kept, apparently, some notes like those of Roger Casement. They turned up at Blackwell's after his death, tucked inside one of his books.

It must have something to do with the awful pressures of Victorian life that so many of the talented or even great writers and artists are elusive as human beings, and that when we begin to know them completely their personalities and their devious development are almost more fascinating than their writings. Housman is a minor version of Lear, and Carroll, and Hopkins. Of these four, he had by far the most successful career, but in spite of the stony glitter in his eye and the dandyish elegance of his performance he was at least as vulnerable as any of the others, and as affectionate, as jolly among cronies. As for the poetry, most of that was written in short periods of emotional and intellectual disturbance. In his public and scholarly life, failure and need stoked the boilers of success. It would be hard to believe that the two kinds of disturbance were unrelated.

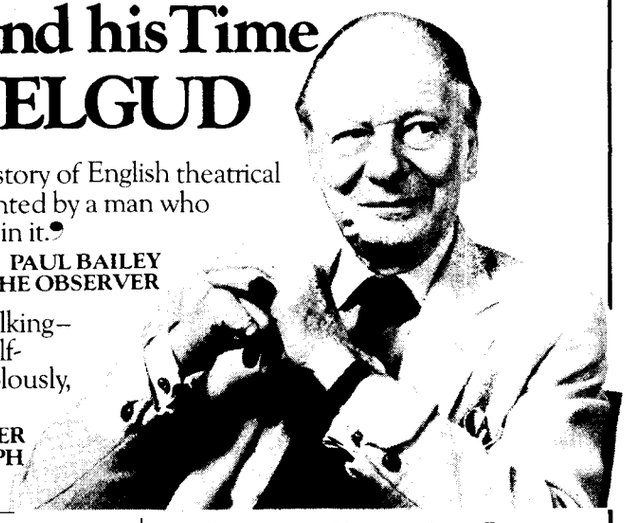
There is a curious bit of evidence about the growth of Housman's poems unknown to Mr Graves, and so far as I know unpublished. The proper name of Uricon is Viriconium, which is at Wroxeter. Uriconium is an old mistake which it was uncharacteristic for Housman to adopt. He got it from Murray's *Guide to Shropshire*; his copy has survived. The same entry records the names of trees, including ash trees. 'Now that the Roman and his trouble are ashes under Uricon' must surely derive to some degree from Murray's *Guide*. As for the texture of his verse, so pure and insubstantial, it owes something to Heine, something to Shakespeare's songs, but much more I believe to neoclassic Latin verse, particularly to the collection called *Sabrinae Corolla*, which thrilled him.

It seems unfair that a far greater and more influential writer, almost his exact contemporary, Laforgue, should generate a less interesting and less readable book. Laforgue's short life was more extraordinary than Housman's, and his poetry is among the foundation works of the modern movement. T. S. Eliot and George Seferis discovered it independently, and it liberated both of them. The trouble is the charming and youthful intimacy and brilliance of his letters, which resist effective translation, and the powerful ironic charge of his poetry, which defies translation altogether. And yet Laforgue's sketches are quite as attractive as Housman's jokes, and the court of the Empress of Prussia, to whom his job obliged him to read aloud from French periodicals and newspapers, was a good deal more remarkable than Trinity College, Cambridge. Laforgue died of TB at the age of 27, after one year of marriage to a tubercular English girl who survived him by one more year.

At the time, people blamed Laforgue for not being Rimbaud. They might just as well have blamed Housman for not being Tennyson. Come to think of it, I recollect from schooldays that they did. But the difference of traditions is startling. Modern French poetry was so strong, so amazing, in Housman's lifetime, and modern English poetry was so attenuated, so scarcely alive. The style that came from Baudelaire and Rimbaud and Laforgue was cat-footed and deadly, it lived in books like an animal in a cage; the style that came from Housman and Newbolt and Kipling was flat-footed and dead, it was a stuffed animal in a country house. And yet in our lifetime it has been French poetry, not English, with only the kind of exceptions that prove the rule, that has run dry.

I think this is because the English got their dose of modernism late, and their incurable conservatism, by accepting whatever it could from Eliot, from Yeats, and from Laforgue and his tradition, and yet remaining itself, has most unfairly worked in their favour. It remains true that Housman is a lesser poet than Laforgue in equally few poems. Anyway, Housman is not an influence in English, because his perfect finish, his perfect ear, his precise mechanism, make him inimitable. Personally, I find that a relief. Laforgue deeply understood his language, more deeply by far

An Actor and his Time
JOHN GIELGUD



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than Housman understood English. English delivered up its innermost self to Hardy, maybe to Eliot, maybe to Larkin, but not to Housman. His achievement was against the grain of the language. Where one influences the other, Hardy is like the most asthmatic of grandfather clocks, but Housman is a cuckoo clock.

The majority of contemporary critics give little help to our understanding of the provincial meanness and caution of modern British poetry which is as nothing compared to that of its critics. Neil Powell has made a decent attempt to discern good from bad; the effect is perhaps inevitably more dogmatic than he intended, and the sharpness of his tone somehow reinforces the chilly atmosphere which exclusive criticisms always generate. It is one of the least attractive missions of the modern critic to tell poets what they should do to be saved. Gunn and Davie and Larkin are fine poets, but when you set them up in a row and talk about a tradition, something has got lost. Still, Mr Powell is more flexible than I seem to imply; this is a highly intelligent and fascinating book. I was glad that he singled out for praise among young poets Dick Davis and Robert Wells. But everyone ought to go back to the modern movement. Without it we should still be writing in the style of Georgian Poetry and Public School Verse.

Not that modernists are always best. E. E. Cummings was impeccably modern, but not a better or a more substantial poet than Housman. An introduction to every poem he ever wrote makes depressing reading. Mr Kidder claims too much for him; his best poems need no introduction, they are indestructibly enjoyable. It is easy to understand how such a study was undertaken, since E. E. Cummings must by now be taught in universities, and some student, somewhere, will be annotating every stray spark of the great modernist explosion in American poetry. What I did find odd was a full study of John Ashbery, who is still alive, by so talented a writer as David Shapiro. I have tried unsuccessfully for 20 years to like this poet, but the one phrase in Mr Shapiro's eloquent treatment of his work that struck an answering chord was 'his divinely drab modulations'. Surely there are too many words in his poems?

Among this week's contributors:

CHARLES LEWSEN has been a member of the BBC Radio Drama Script Unit and has reviewed theatre for *The Times*. His own solo performances have celebrated the Music Hall, Borges and Edward Lear (whose nonsense verse he is currently co-editing for Oxford University Press).

FRANCIS MULHERN is one of the editors of the *New Left Review*.

PIERRE JORIS co-edited an *Anthologie de la Poesie Anglaise* to be published in Paris next spring. His latest volume of poetry is *Berber Drum*.

JIM HOPKINS is a lecturer in philosophy at King's College, London.

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PETER LEVI is a fellow of St Catherine's College, Oxford. His *Collected Poems 1955-1975* was published by Anvil Press in 1976.

PAUL NEUBURG is a producer for *Weekend World* (LWT) and a specialist in East European affairs.

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Pierre Joris

Prize Fights

September and October are known in Paris as 'la rentrée', which the dictionary gives as 'the beginning of term', and 'return to the stage, reappearance (of actor after absence)'. Both these meanings apply: while the young ones are bundled off to school, the curtain rises on the many actors, stage managers and prompters of the literary scene. A hundred or so novels come out at roughly the same time, flanked by a vast array of essays, biographies, philosophical treaties, etc. It is a weird kind of carnival that reaches its climax in late November when ten writers, the prestigious jury of the Prix Goncourt, meet at their traditional watering hole, the Restaurant Druou to announce the winner of France's most coveted literary award. The prize has little to do with literary merit these days; it is barely more than an infight – for large financial stakes – between the major Paris publishers. Bernard Clavel, who got the prize in 1968, was elected to the Goncourt jury in 1971, and has resigned in disgust since then, writes in *Le Monde*: 'The truth is that only three publishers of novels are actually represented out of a total of over thirty . . . Chances for the winner to be a writer not published by Gallimard, Le Seuil or Grasset are practically nil. I don't know for sure if the whole thing is rigged, but if that word is too shocking, let's find another one . . .' On 19 November, the result of the 1979 Prix Goncourt was announced: it went to Antonine Maillet for her novel *Pélagie-la-Charette*, published by . . . Grasset. The same day, in the same restaurant, the judges of the Prix Renaudot – set up originally to counter the Goncourt – announced their choice: Jean-Marc Robert's novel *Affaires Etrangères*, published by . . . Le Seuil. Any Paris publisher is pleased and satisfied when a good novel sells 10,000 copies, but a novel that gets the Goncourt will sell between 250,000 and a million copies – which is, of course, what the whole struggle was about.

So much for the more public and venal aspects of 'la rentrée'. Among the many novels published this autumn there is at least one that should be mentioned here. Its author is not French – although he writes in French – but Algerian. His name is Rachid Boudjedra; this, his fifth novel, is called *The 100 Years of Nostalgia* and is published by Denoel. It is a measure of the latent racism and overt ethnocentricity of the ex-colonial masters that a novel as powerful as this one doesn't stand a snowball's chance in hell – or in the Sahara – of getting one of the major autumn prizes. But to the matter of the book: somewhere on the edge of the great desert there is a village called Manama, 'built on the crumbling strata of oblivion, immured in the shelter of the bulwarks of the ancestral order'. Worn threadbare by the unrelenting aggression of time and the desert, the ancestral order is losing its grip on the communal psyche, leaving it wide open to the random raiding incursions of the modern and the foreign. The harshness of life is warded off with ancient and modern magic – so much so that no-one knows any longer how to untangle the threads of what is real and what is dream. Boudjedra's near-hallucinatory prose, his long wave-like sentences that never permit the security of knowing in advance where they will deposit the dazzled reader, reinforce this oneiric mood. A dream-like topos, but far from unreal: the author's love for accurately named particulars, the detailed investigation of social and familiar ties, of the minutiae of daily life, all these combine to keep Manama from slipping into fantasy. The time sequences of the ancestral order – cyclical and repetitive – are jolted, shot through and reshaped by the barbed arrows of a more linear, more modern time. It is the interplay of these two orders that gives the novel tension as well as structural integrity. Its main concern is neatly foreshadowed in the protagonist's name: SNP Mohamed. SNP means 'Sans Nom Patronymique', 'Without a Surname': a common colonial practice used to undermine any sense of identity the 'native' might have or want to hold on to. This quest for a viable identity taking into account the old and the new order, is carried on in the midst of an epic power struggle pitching the hero's family and the villagers against the pompous greedy local dictator. The truly Rabelaisian threads of the story are woven into a tapestry which leaves the reader with the sense of having met a world quite alien to his own, while forcing him to wonder exactly how solid, how real his own world, and his assumptions about it, are.

Given the West's current fascination with things Arabic and Islamic, it is surprising that no British or American publisher has deemed it worth while to make Boudjedra's work available to the English-speaking public. We certainly could use a translation of this book, or of, say, his first novel, *La Répudiation*. The latter provides what must certainly be the most powerful account of the sexual workings inside the Islamic family structure in contemporary North Africa. It is, incidentally, the one novel by Boudjedra still banned in puritanical Algeria, where the author has recently returned, after years of exile in France.

September also saw the return of Raoul Vaneigem. A main figure of French radical politics in the Sixties (his 1967 book *Traité de Savoir-Vivre à l'Usage des Jeunes Générations* – published in England as *The Revolution of Everyday Life* by Practical Paradise Publications – was a seminal text analysing the various subjective aspects of alienation), Vaneigem left the Situationist Internationale in 1970, and not much was heard from him since then. Now he's back with *The Book of Pleasures* (Encre Editions) just in time to celebrate the end of the grim and sad Seventies. His main concerns are still those of the *Traîté*, but it is refreshing to find someone thinking clearly outside the two crippling sets of hypotheses that have cornered the ideological world market. Economic imperialism is the basis for repressive political systems, both socialist as well as capitalist. 'The fragmentation that exchange value imposes on the living tolerates only . . . embryos patiently dried in the social test-tube of rentability, beings condemned never to belong to themselves because they belong to a power that, stripped first of its divine mantle and then of its ideological meat, reveals the skeletal mechanism of its abstraction: the economy.' Against this he pitches desire as being 'irreducible to economy', and pleasure as the touchstone from which to 'fight the universal proletarisation of the body'. Only the autonomous emancipation of the individual can lead to a classless society. The basis of a self-managing society, this self-regulating individual is a man or woman who has radically extirpated his or her addictive need for power and dominance – economic, sexual, political – by showing it up for the entropic, death-oriented economy it is. Vaneigem knows the dangers of this stance, but concludes by saying: 'I prefer a spontaneous error to an imposed truth. Rather the creator's stumblings than the leader's coherence.' A refreshing and stimulating book.

Peter Redgrove

Lionising

His yellow velvet jacket with the
maned collar,
The red-lined lapels and crimson
pockets stitched
Like the maws of lions with
embroidery fangs,
It is the pride of his wardrobe. 'A
lion's penis
Bends backwards between its legs, I
saw a kingly beast
Drench his spectators with golden juice
While looking over his shoulder, his
Queen's vagina
Hooks to fit him. This is not generally
known,' he said
Hunching his shoulders so his lapels roared.

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Andrew Motion

The View Down

These topiary animals are monstrous –
unclipped heads and blurred haunches
sprawling in their own smell of box.
The house is worse: sills powdery
with rain, doors warped, and nettles
flourishing from cornerstones. But he

expects all this, returning summer
after summer for the open day,
and rooms he guessed at as a child
beyond the gate. They prove themselves
his bare familiars now – places
that he always hurries past, towards

the gallery, the one he most imagined.
There he stands, alone beneath
its crumbling plasterwork, again amazed
by views of woodland giving ground
to fields, a pencil spire, and then
the farm beside it, and the lane.

Its trees are streaked with hay,
and as he looks a tractor climbs
between them, cab and bonnet
darkened by the high unsteady bales.
To watch this has become a ritual –
each sudden detail bringing back

the boy who lived here half a century
ago: his tentative discreet companion
walking silently along these hedges,
one hand brushing heavy-headed grass.
Every year he still remembers him
receiving and returning love

inside that dusty barn; and every year
he turns aside as lonely as today,
convinced the only chance of sharing
equal trust has gone. Floor by floor
his footsteps slowly circle, fading
down the stairs until he stands

outside at last, and glances up
to where the owner keeps herself
a single private room, obscure
unless her shadow leans against
the window, or her teacup rattles
tiny echoes down across the grass.

John Mole

The Advancement of Learning

Taken from the Guardian of 26 May 1979 and with acknowledgment to Leon Edel.

Maynard Keynes read messages
in hands. They could express
as eyes express, be elegant
or brutal, clasp, unclasp
in nervous fidget, drumming
on an arm-rest or a table,
fussing, reaching, gesturing –
a lexicon of hands.

In Florida, John Spenkelink
was buckled to the chair, A jolt
surged through his body, then his left fist
clenched. His hands
began to curl and blacken.

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Charles Lewsen

The Inward Eye

Radio appeared at a marvellous moment for dramatists. In the wake of Freud, and under the influence of Proust, Joyce and Kafka, writers were concerning themselves with man's inner life, 'the inner landscape of the soul', to quote Martin Esslin. And that inner landscape is the one that radio can best explore.

One cannot physically see the characters in a radio play, or the setting for their drama; and if they are silent, and if it is not referred to, both cease to exist for the listener. Therefore a radio dramatist cannot contrive a scene like that in the fifth act of *The Merchant of Venice* whose true focus is not the spoken squabble between Gratiano and his wife Nerissa about the ring he gave away, but the *unspoken* anguish of Bassanio who knows that he is going to be questioned by his wife Portia about the ring *he* gave away, the *unspoken* embarrassment of Antonio, who realises the discomfort that his beloved Bassanio is going through, and knows that it is all his fault, and the *unspoken* glee of Portia, in league with Nerissa, at the mischief that she is creating – to say nothing of Lorenzo and his wife, Jessica, decorated with the jewels of the disgraced Shylock who is the ultimate reason for the anguish, embarrassment and glee.

The possibilities and limitations of radio drama were not immediately grasped. Richard Hughes set the first radio play, *Danger* (1924), in an unlit coalmine – it was hard to perceive that sound was not a medium for portraying darkness, but a glorious means of opening what the blind dramatist, R. C. Scriven, later called 'the inward eye' – and Hughes earnestly put his characters to work telling us where they were, but not expressing much of interest concerning their feelings. Six years later, Tyrone Guthrie had grasped the point. His *The Flowers are not for you to Pick* is the portrait of a wounded personality; it is composed of the images of rejection that float before the man as he drowns, and the only direct description of landscape that emerges in Guthrie's play (eminently revivable) emerges as it does in life, when one is trying to make an impression –

> *Vanessa*: Oh Edward, what a heavenly, wonderful landscape

or when one is under the pressure of a transforming experience, like love –

> *Edward*: It's as still as g-glass – as if the water were asleep.

Guthrie had recognised that radio was uniquely equipped to show how humans live rather in the past or future than in the present. The best of his successors have understood this. The second scene of Louis MacNeice's *The Dark Tower* takes place between Roland and his mother in a place, more familiar to her than to him, containing a sofa and two albums, one black. Those details are mentioned once only, and we are told nothing else about the place. The rest of the dialogue concerns the journey which Roland's surviving brother,

Gavin, must make over sea and desert to the dark tower, like their older brothers and seven generations that met death on the same journey. Because the room is created so sketchily, and Gavin's quest and the brothers' deaths so vividly, it is in the family's past and future that the listener's imagination dwells.

Roland's subjective experience makes a direct approach to the listener's subjectivity; for the radio voice – particularly in monaural reception – is not anchored to its mechanical source; it fills the room, surrounding the listener, so that one easily feels that one is inside the play, or that the play is within oneself. Moreover, since a silent character tends to disappear from one's awareness, the speaking character always, in effect, talks directly to the listener at home. One seems to be *the* recipient of the characters' confidences. We all hear 'sea', 'desert', 'tower', but each instantaneously sees a different sea, desert and tower with his inward eye; each is in his own imaginative landscape.

Tyrone Guthrie makes his stammering young clergyman's drowning deeply engaging. But radio can hold one at a distance, and this year Jonathan Raban used the Guthrie, or Pincher Martin, convention for sardonic purpose, forcing Austen Landor, the hero of *Falling*, to experience his 12-storey suicide jump for the 14 minutes' duration of the play – which was an unkind trick of Raban on Austen, who had jumped because he wanted a swift death.

Raban achieves distance from Austen by means of narrative, the natural device in radio for conveying outer life. In many radio writers, dispassionate narrative seems a legacy of the novel – which has been as rich a source of radio drama as the stage play – as may be discovered from Denys Hawthorne's adaptation of *How Many Miles to Babylon?* (9 December). Don Haworth, a master of radio narrative plays, is more a raconteur than a novelist. The opening of *There's No Point in Arguing the Toss* firmly buttonholes you:

> of course after the event everybody's very wise and fruity about what you should have done and what you shouldn't have done . . .

And when he is played right, as in Alfred Bradley's production of *Where is this here building – by what route do I get there?*, the acted dialogue is edged in with a speed and consistency of tone that knits it to the narrative, making the actors extensions of the narrator, and the whole a marvellous pub story.

The Guthrie play is an early example of radio's capacity for compression – 23 timid years summed up feelingly and, one feels, truly in 30 minutes. Radio has unparalleled speed and flexibility, and can change scene quicker, in fact, than film. Tom Stoppard's *The Dissolution of Dominic Boot* is a notable example, changing scene 43 times in 12 minutes. It concerns the unhappy Boot, desperately driving round London in a taxi, in search of money to pay off the driver, whose meter clocks up an increase every time Boot fails to raise a loan. One scene change is effected by Dominic saying, in a flash of inspiration, 'Oh, dear Father who art in Windsor', and being greeted, 'Good Lord, what brings you here?'. This reduces the journey from London to Windsor to less than half a second.

That perhaps indicates why radio adaptors have so often reduced two-and-a-half-hour plays quite respectably and without violence to 90 minutes, and why the weight of a half-hour radio play is more often that of a novella than of a short story.

If film approaches radio's freedom to contract space and compress time, no film, other than a cartoon, can rival radio in its capacity to dramatise beings other than human, to transform people, to deal with the supernatural, to defy gravity, or, as in Giles Cooper's *Under The Loofah Tree*, to deal with nudity without prurience or embarrassment.

Muriel Spark's *The Dry River Bed* superbly used the impossible to express the tragedy of a divided South Africa. The cause of the car crash in her play is a man of mixed blood, whose white half, according to one character, travels in the car, while his black half, according to another, is many miles distant. Spark's achievement is worth noting, because it serves to show that the subjective and the fantastical in radio can serve sober social ends – as does Don Haworth's *On a Day in Summer in a Garden*, whose characters are dock plants, and are to be taken as such – and not as symbols or stylisations, which they would

Radio Plays Under Review

Squirrel's Cage and Two Other Microphone Plays by TYRONE GUTHRIE *Cobden-Sanderson* 1931; **Plays** by RICHARD HUGHES *Chatto* 1966; **The Dark Tower and other radio scripts** by LOUIS MACNEICE *Faber* 1947; **We all Come To It in the End and other plays for radio** by DON HAWORTH *BBC* 1972 (Haworth's 'Episode on a Thursday Evening' appears in **Best Radio Plays of 1978**, *Methuen*); **Six Plays for Radio** by GILES COOPER *BBC* 1966 ('The Object' by Giles Cooper appears in **New English Dramatists 12** *Penguin* 1968); **Voices at Play** by MURIEL SPARK *Penguin* 1966; **A Single Taper and the Inward Eye, Boy 1913** by R. C. SCRIVEN *Partridge Press* 1952.

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become on stage or in cartoon film where they would also probably be twee. In radio there is no visual impediment to the actors' portrayal of plants struggling to survive a DDT spray; and in this fascinating expression of Haworth's sceptical view of human institutions I find a serious respect for nature and the integrity of the planet.

Yet radio drama is often dismissed as a minority art – though three-quarters of a million listeners listen to Afternoon Theatre (as many as watch a BBC-2 play) and a million to Saturday Night Theatre. Then there is the stigma of 'plays to hoover by', a phrase attributed falsely to Don Howarth who would not, I think, speak sneeringly of a medium in which he has lovingly expressed his intelligence, his wit and his passion. But, setting aside the sneer, what's wrong with doing household chores while listening to a play by Fay Weldon or Penelope Gilliatt? (Try to catch the Gilliatt on 7 December.) Can a human being of modest intelligence do no more than one thing at a time? Do legislators never doodle while planning the economy? May a man not smoke and drink while doing a crossword puzzle? Should a working woman not knit while aristocrats are guillotined? An imaginative experience may set up tensions; holding a book not only puts one in physical contact with the work read, it helps discharge some of the tensions created by reading. Unless you are a teenager holding a trannie, like a shell, to your ear, you probably don't hold the radio. Washing up, provided the taps are not run too loudly, can make an excellent complement to listening.

I was kneading dough for a loaf when I heard Richard Wortley's production of James Saunders's *Random Moments in a May Garden*, one of the most compelling experiences of my year. And yet, if measured according to the limitations of any other medium, it would be hopelessly static. It concerns two sets of characters, the one dead, the other living. The dead have their photo taken, the living move house, tear up the photo of the dead, and have their photo taken. There is really no more action to the piece than that. Yet the thoughts of the two little Victorian girls about other members of the family group, about surreptitious kisses and the quaint posture of the photographer, compress into 45 minutes a whole way of life; and they invest with fearful transitoriness the couple who destroy their photo and, where it was taken, pose for a picture that must itself, in time, be destroyed.

Saunders's script is to be published by Amber Lane Press in a volume of short plays in February, and Eyre Methuen plans to follow *Best Radio Plays of 1978* with a volume for '79. But few radio scripts get published, and there is lack of conviction in the BBC's marketing of seven Radio Play Scripts lithoprinted this year and last in runs of 300 copies, available only by post, and advertised only in *Radio Times* and on the air at the time of broadcast.

Then, while American companies are producing spoken-word recordings, largely for hearing in cars, there is not a radio play in the catalogue of recordings issued by BBC Enterprises. And if I record a radio play on my own tape or cassette machine, I am breaking the law – and, of course, cheating writers and actors of a royalty. With Performing Rights in mind, the Whitford Committee recommended that there should be a levy on the sale price of recording equipment. Whitford's report on copyright in an era of instant ubiquitous reprography was published in 1977; but no government response is expected before the middle of 1980, according to the Board of Trade.

Gray might have been thinking of the Radio dramatist when he wrote:

> Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
> And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Television – 1

John Bowen

Channel 4 or ITV-2?

The IBA has published its preliminary proposals for the Fourth Channel, and it is a thoughtful and decent attempt to reconcile the contradictions in Government policy:

> that there should not be competitive selling of advertising on the two channels; that the channel's budget should not necessarily be limited to the revenue earned from advertisements shown on it; that the arrangements for planning and scheduling should not be dominated by the central ITV programme companies; that ... there should be the opportunity for as many programmes as practicable to be supplied from sources other than the ITV contractors.

If the two channels are not to compete with each other for advertising, with whom are they to compete? In a period of general recession, advertising budgets are not increased. Government spokesmen call constantly for increased investment, but do not mean investment in advertising, nor should they. So the money to finance what I shall call ITV-2, if it were truly non-competitive with ITV-1, would have either to be public money or to come from newspapers and magazines, the newly established commercial radio and cinema, and this must be true whatever is said about 'finding a new audience for the new channel' (which means an audience which was reading, or listening to radio, or going to the cinema, or watching the BBC) or about 'a sectionalised audience' (which means that programmes about angling are associated with advertisements for maggots, leading to the speedy demise of the *Angling Times*).

Public money, then? It has become the fashion among the daffier independent television producers (who are what is meant by 'sources other than ITV contractors'), when asked what resources they have which will allow them to make programmes, to speak of 'seed corn', by which is meant an unlimited amount of money, to be supplied by the IBA, which will allow them to make courageous, independent, experimental, feminist, 'today', minority-oriented, community-oriented programmes, mostly on film. But at a time when public money is being withdrawn on an horrendous scale from education, housing, health, the arts and the social services, it seems to me the grossest self-indulgence for us in television to suggest that the Fourth Channel should not be self-financing. The IBA does make it plain that the budget for ITV-2 is going to be tight, but then it backs away, and suggests that the channel should only be partly self-financing, the remainder of its budget to come from a 'subscription' from the existing ITV companies.

The IBA dares not use the word 'levy' because, of course, there already is a levy paid by those very companies on their profits, direct to Government. And since the 'subscriptions' must decrease those profits, and therefore the levy, this notion of subscriptions is a back way of getting public money for ITV-2, not only reprehensible in itself, but also likely to allow the companies which run the first channel too great a measure of control over the second.

Common sense suggests that the audience for ITV-2 will come mainly from ITV-1 and the BBC, whatever pious noises are made about the need to maintain the BBC's share. Competition there will be. Since advertising is sold on a cost-per-thousand basis, advertising rates on ITV-1 may have to fall, or at least not rise. The IBA's proposal is that advertising for ITV-2 should be sold, on a regional basis, by the same companies which sell it for ITV-1. This makes sense, as far as it goes. There is no point in saddling the company which is to run ITV-2 with a sales organisation for selling advertising time, when such organisations already exist, and can be used.

It should go further. The new company will not be a producing company; it will buy programmes where it can — from abroad (I hope not more than a very few), from the existing ITV-1 companies (most importantly from those which do not at present put many programmes into the network), and from the independent producers. From these last, it will have to buy programmes before they have been made; the commissioning money will be the 'seed corn'. Most of this commissioning money will have to be spent before any advertising time is sold at all. It seems to me that the best system is the one the Romans used, and medieval kings, which is to farm the revenue, to make an estimate of the audience (10%?) and a consequent estimate of how much money that audience would provide in advertising, based on existing rates, and to say to the regional ITV-1 companies, 'Pay us 75% of that estimate 18 months in advance, and you may take 100%, if you can sell it.'

Even that money, and the IBA's own idea of 'subscriptions', cannot be paid until it is known which companies will actually hold franchises when ITV-2 comes into operation, but the new contracts do not begin until January 1982. Yet the target date for ITV-2 to transmit is the autumn of 1982, and the preparation of programmes should begin 18 months before then. The IBA's proposal is to go to the City for money meanwhile — that is, to borrow money at the very high rate now obtaining, therefore to begin with a load of debt when money is already tight, with all the more necessity to rely on those 'subscriptions' and therefore on the major companies of ITV-1 who by paying even more of the piper

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will be able to call even more of the tune. Far better to change the starting date to 1983.

Why? Because, although anyone looking coldly at them from the outside must find the independent producers a pretty job lot, if there is hope, not merely for ITV-2 but for the industry itself, that hope lies with them, not because of *what* they are capable of producing (bold, experimental, community-oriented, etc), but because of *how*. Labour relations in commercial television, as in the film industry, are in a state of stultifying deadlock. The independent producers are small units. Some of them say they operate co-operatively; all could do so. ITV-1 is a pattern of large companies, of employers and employed, shareholders and diversification, heavy capital investment and risk avoidance. ITV-2 begins with a company which will own only an office, employ few people; it will be a publishing, not a producing company. Those who produce for it *could* be small creative units – producers, directors, writers, designers, cameramen, sound, electrics, editors, dubbers, coming together *ad hoc,* forming, breaking up, re-forming, sharing creation and reward. Politically, what could be a more desirable arrangement, since co-operation is at the heart of the Labour Movement as self-help is, of that Whiggism which passes for policy these days among the Tories?

Clearly there are dangers in a proliferation of independents. We run the risk of the situation in the film industry, where anyone with two actors and a script to rub together can call himself a producer. The independents will have to form themselves into some kind of loose, but self-regulating Association, and the IBA does seem to suggest something of the sort in providing that four or five members of the independents should sit on the board of directors of the ITV-2 company since it is hard to see how they could be supplied except by election from among their fellows.

I have called the fourth channel 'ITV-2' so far because that is what it seems likely to become if the IBA's proposals for financing it remain unchanged. But if the 'subscriptions' and the idea of going into hock from the beginning should be dropped, if there should be a real attempt to work within a tight budget (not least because new developments in the arts are more often born out of a paucity of resources than an excess), if the independents can come together, working as co-operatives without the restrictions of union Rule Books, it would be a way forward, and when the time arrives that the major companies of ITV-1 have diversified out of television production as too much of a hassle, keeping only an organisation to sell time to advertisers, then the independents may inherit the industry.

Theatre – 1

Benedict Nightingale

Intense Encounters

Uncle Vanya by ANTON CHEKHOV *Hampstead*
Mayakovsky by STEFAN SCHÜTZ *Half Moon*

To call Chekhov a feminist playwright would, of course, be something of a contradiction, and not just because of his chromosome structure. He was almost fanatical in his mistrust of categories, dislike of isms, and dread of the least whiff of propaganda, no matter how fine the cause. Moreover, *Uncle Vanya* is about human frustration, ennui and waste, not specifically about their female versions and varieties. Indeed, it slyly tempts us to think of its most obviously committed character, the grandmother who 'sits about chattering about the emancipation of women', as a silly old boot.

Yet there is a place in Chekhov production for those with strong and unabashed convictions of their own, simply because they may spot evidence the more orthodox or indolent may overlook. Trevor Griffiths and Richard Eyre, communist translator and socialist director respectively, recently found fresh stature in *The Cherry Orchard*'s Trofimov, the 'eternal student' expelled from university (as the censors prevented Chekhov making explicit) for his revolutionary activities; and now Pam Gems, the feminist playwright who has adapted *Vanya* for Hampstead, and Nancy Meckler, her director, bring off a feat to lift the spirits of a critic benumbed by a surplus of classics. They reclaim for reality a character who has, it transpires, long been slandered by theatrical tradition: Yellena Andreyevna, young and disconsolate wife of the elderly academic grouch, Serebryakov.

She is invariably portrayed as idle and languid, an exotic bloom in wilting exile from the Moscow hothouse, because that is the way she's seen both by the men in the play and by her stepdaughter Sonya, who helpfully prescribes her a life of Tolstoyan toil among the peasants. But Chekhov's characters are always to be played from their own point of view, not according to the biases of their friends and relatives; and a dispassionate look at any translation, not just the collection of breezy colloquialisms assembled by Ms Gems, actually reveals Yellena to be as acute in her analyses and judgments as she is diffident about expressing them. As Susan Littler cannily presents her, she is bored rather than lazy, deprived rather than inadequate, a sensitive, fastidious woman who has had no opportunity to develop and use the considerable intelligence with which nature continues to tantalise her. 'I'd like you to think of me with respect,' she earnestly informs her admirer, Astrov, and, for once, she has earned it. Like everyone else, she feels the teeth of the provincial trap cutting into her nerves and sinews: unlike them, she does not flaunt her pain.

Pain is everywhere in Meckler's production: in Alison Steadman's Sonya, shiny, angular, sexually unappetising and knowing it; in Ian Holm's Astrov, watching his own slow disintegration with medical curiosity; and, above all, in Nigel Hawthorne's lovelorn, restless and finally desperate Vanya, so muzzy with disappointment and impotent anger that he cannot control vowels, hands, or the gun with which he authentically attempts to murder the man who has exploited and ruined him, Maurice Denham's smug yet insecure Serebryakov. The immediacy and intensity of some of these people's encounters is surprising even by contemporary criteria of Chekhov production, which has long since abandoned all that sepia colouring and genteel melancholia for something rather more intestinally accurate; and it's achieved on a cramped stage, in a tiny auditorium, and without simplifying, sentimentalising, cheapening or in any respect distorting what most of us would agree to be the undiluted Chekhov himself.

It would be nice to say the same for Herr Schütz's imaginative biography of the author of *The Bedbug* and *The Bathhouse*; but its style, which may be roughly defined as Mayakovsky updated, is ill-suited to charting complexities of feeling and conduct. We meet the revolutionary poet trapped in a net, being whipped by a bewigged nob from the safety of his lackey's shoulders; we see him in a boxing ring, aiming ineffectual blows at cadaverous groteques meant to represent a hostile Soviet bureaucracy; and, much later, we watch a party Frankenstein split him into twins, one a spoiled and slavish literary apparatchik ('Oh Stalin, forgive me my trespasses'), and the other the unreconstructed rebel and artist. This vividly encapsulated schizophrenia ends, as it must, with the destruction of the honest Mayakovsky and the deification of the dishonest one, who becomes a plastic-wrapped statue good for nothing but vandals' daubings.

The reason for Mayakovsky's suicide is still much debated, and probably had at least something to do with his confused love-life: to Schütz, however, it was the result of consenting, yet not quite consenting, to the perversion of his own quirky genius. This, surely, is to simplify and distort. Mayakovsky may have been maddened by the reactionary tastes of men who, in all consistency, should have been friendly to revolutionary techniques, and he may once have confessed that he 'conquered myself, and stamped on the throat of my own song'. But he must also have felt more than passing responsibility for the new society he had struggled without reserve to help into being, and more than passing enthusiasm for its achievements. The ode to the dead Lenin, for all its romantic excess, is the work of a writer of conscience and passion, not a ventriloquist's zonked-out dummy. Mayakovsky was one man, not two, however lively his internal conflicts and however topical.

Now let me reveal Schütz's special interest, which is that he is an East German, and therefore has every reason to rage at those who presume to interfere with the free passage of words and to mourn their victims. Moreover, he ends his play with a disingenuous apology to audiences who want precise history rather than a 'scream of protest'. But that's not quite the sound made either by Tom Kempinski's sometimes lapidary translation or by Robert Walker's production. It is difficult to inject much verve into lines like 'I'll smash your vision of a reactionary future which grows out of you, my friend', and not always possible to prevent the visual bravura seeming over-calculated, self-conscious, attention-grabbing. The style, alas, muffles the scream; and what might have been an exhilarating evening finishes as no more than an unusually interesting one.

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Ballet

Bryan Robertson

Biblical

The London Contemporary Dance Theatre's brief season at Sadlers Wells – two weeks only – opened last week with a Biblical programme including two new works which were first performed at the Jerusalem International Seminar on the Bible in Dance, held in Israel last August.

Robert North has built his *Annunciation* around the red-robed figure of the Virgin, an early 15th-century sculpture in the Rijksmuseum. A note states that the figure in unfamiliar scarlet foreshadows, in North's interpretation, the Passion of Christ as well as the Annunciation and all this, in 20 minutes, is a lot to get through on stage. The ballet is in fact too compressed and over-loaded, set to a strenuously melodic, over-insistently busy score by Howard Blake. It leaves the impression of a Virgin on the run from a continually admonishing and hectoring Archangel Gabriel in a girdled white robe with two other male dancers similarly garbed, and a third male dancer as a bare-chested Christ, in perpetually hectic and obscurely mimetic movement.

A longer and more abstractly stylised work by Robert Cohan, *Songs, Lamentations and Praises* seemed too long at just over 40 minutes duration, but is intermittently more successful. Inspired by the songs and laments of the Old Testament, Cohan uses a new score for singers and instrumentalists by Geoffrey Burgon, a resourceful musician who has done good work for the LCDT in the past and is now becoming well known to a far wider public through his background music for the TV serialisation of *Testament of Youth* – and his use of a celestial chorister singing enigmatically at the beginning and ending of each episode of *Tinker, Tailor*.

The three sections in Cohan's ballet are preceded by Tom Jobe, described as 'the painter of the soul', dancing alone on the stage in convincingly self-entranced, sinuous and invocatory choreography. The dance movements for the company in the first and last sections. *Songs* and *Praises,* are more effective in their rhythmic drive and clear-cut interaction than the shuddering and shuffling, more fragmented and finally too lengthy *Lamentations*. If all this seems like short critical shrift for a serious enterprise, the answer is that the company has much better works in its repertoire. The Bible has hardly ever been good news for ballet.

The pre-war *Job* by de Valois, a 'masque for dancing' based on Blake's illustrations, with music by Vaughan Williams, is not remembered happily by those with good judgment who saw it. Balanchine's early *Prodigal Son* is memorable mostly for Rouault's fine sets and costumes and the Siren's extravagantly erotic dance as the dramatic centre piece of this work. The truth is that the passions generated in our time by social, racial and political issues, with their frequently violent climaxes, have reduced the impact, theatrical and emotional, of the Christian Passion.

Perhaps the Stravinsky/Nijinska *Les Noces* ballet and dramatic cantata which celebrates the ancient Russian marriage ceremony is the nearest we can get now, in its austere humanism, to a 'religious' work for the stage. Otherwise, we really expect dancers and ballet in general to raise our spirits, to charm or excite us through choreography which gives us a heightened sense of physical ease through dramatic movement with a sensuous eloquence that no other means could project.

The Biblical essays at Sadlers Wells happily included a revival of Cohan's *Stabat Mater* (1975), using Vivaldi's music and nine female dancers to express through taut and unmawkish choreography the anguish and isolation of Mary at the foot of the cross. The soloist was Siobhan Davies, a dancer of great strength and subtlety, and herself one of the small number of gifted younger choreographers in this country. The work is almost pure dance, free of mimetic confusions; its dignity matches the unforced power of the music. The three evenings that are left of this season offer the first performance here of a satirical recent work by Paul Taylor, a wittily inventive American choreographer, in a different, non-Biblical programme which should suit the company well in its present excellent form.

Television – 2

Julian Barnes

Eyeballs

Richard Ingrams began his responses to Robert Mackenzie on *Platform One* (BBC-1) with a bumble of calming negatives. No, he wasn't ruthless; no, he didn't think of himself as a man of power; no, he never thought of *Private Eye* as having any effect. Vindictive and sensitive to criticism? Not him. Cruel? 'Not intentionally.' His first positive response was, 'I would describe myself as a Christian, yes' – though of course he only really went to church to play the organ. Maybe Ingrams was afraid of coming across as a zealot; maybe he hoped to wear Mackenzie out at the start with a bit of determined Boycott-style dead-batting. But was this the man, you wondered, who pursued Maudling and Poulson; who aired early doubts about heart transplants; who only the other week named Blunt? He was obviously just a sleepy-eyed, cuddly, corduroy-jacketed country fellow: so why was that nasty plump man prodding him with a sharp stick?

Mackenzie, to his credit, went on prodding about various subjects (though not the *Eye*'s anti-semitism), while Ingrams went on playing possum. No, his paper wasn't notably inaccurate. No, he wasn't a prude: he liked seaside postcards. It was when asked about his paper's bedroom coverage that Ingrams finally blinked, shook himself, and proceeded to get all four paws in a terrible tangle. He wouldn't go into someone's private life just for the sake of it but of course with politicians 'one cannot make a rigid distinction between private and public': one has a bearing on the other. So was he saying adulterers should be barred from office? No, but it is 'highly relevant in assessing his personality if a man picks up women for one-night stands' (how? why?). Well, should a promiscuous heterosexual be barred from office? No, but 'I think I would like to know about it all the same.'

It seemed like a brief, flickering admission of honest prurience, but Ingrams immediately dived for cover again with the protest that, of course, adultery isn't news in itself: 'There would have to be some other element in the story – of humbug, for example.' The humbugger here, of course, is Ingrams. Everyone knows that regular, casual, or even attempted adultery among the celebrated is the mainstay of the *Eye*'s gossip column; the creaky 'public duty' defence that 'sexual hanky-panky causes bad government' is usually irrelevant, and where relevant, usually hypocritical. Most of us get off on other people's antics: prurience is a natural, if not necessarily healthy, emotion. Strange, then, that Ingrams, whose magazine's circulation is bumped up by catering for it, finds it so hard to admit to. But then that, I suppose, might put the unruthless, unvindictive, Christian editor morally on all fours with the *News of the World* mightn't it?

Lincoln Browne, who fronts *Babylon* (LWT), looks like proving a useful and valiant explicator of the black way of life in this country. In his first two programmes, inevitably, 'the black way of life' has meant 'the problems blacks face': the first dealt with the Eurocentric schooling their children receive, the second with the frequently deep rifts that occur between parents and children. First-generation immigrants impose the parental discipline of their own Caribbean upbringing; their children fret doubly when they see how laxly their white coevals are treated in comparison. 'I have drink more water than them,' argued one firm mother with picturesque logic, 'I have seen more sunshine than them, so therefore none of my kids can tell me I don't know what's wrong.' The programme which began with the firm certainties of parental ambition ended glumly with a hostelful of runaway black adolescents: jobless and doleful, they exhibited an aching lack of concept about their own futures. Asked what they were doing now, two of them answered with the same classic no-hoper's refrain: 'Just waiting for my flat to come through.'

If *Babylon* mends a few fences (an idealistic thing to hope for any programme in the deadly Sunday-lunchtime slot), Play for Today's *Hole in Babylon* (BBC-1) probably trampled a few of them down again. Its three black protagonists, perpetrators of the Spaghetti House siege, were everything the zealous repatriator would have hoped them to be: feckless, criminal, loose-hanging, they appeared to believe that the withdrawal of a state education subsidy was moral and legal justification for robbing and kidnapping some (remarkably stagey) Italian restaurateurs. Still, the play was directed and co-written by Horace Ové, who is black, so maybe to the sympathetic West Indian eye the criminal trio came across much more as the damaged victims of an oppressive society than they did to me; maybe they didn't seem so loutish in their treatment of women; and maybe, too, such lines as 'These kids have got an illness – it's called being young and black and living in a white racist society' came across as natural pieces of vernacular and not as thunderously didactic. *Hole in Babylon* had its moments of sudden vision into acres of despair and hopelessness; mostly, and too often, it seemed raggedly told and suspiciously celebratory.

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Theatre – 2

Paul Allen

Enoch Ui

Rich and Rich by BERTOLT BRECHT translated by Kyra Dietz & Alan Brown *Nottingham Playhouse*
Forever Young by SHANE CONNAUGHTON *Nottingham Playhouse*

Thanks largely to one dazzling performance (by Leonard Rossiter) we tend to regard *The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui* as the theatre's definitive analysis of the rise of fascism. But Brecht himself was aware of much more complicated themes than that saga of politicised thuggery suggests, and he parades some of them in *Rich and Rich.* No, I hadn't heard of it either: it has had three other titles, was originally published (in 1933) as *Round Heads and Pointed Heads,* and is only now getting its first full-scale British performance. It isn't an undiscovered masterpiece but it is a welcome revelation, not least for the hope it kindles about Nottingham Playhouse where it is the latest of four premieres in three months.

Rich and Rich is Brecht's version of *Measure for Measure.* Politically of course it is a good deal more explicit than Shakespeare: the Duke who is tired of government becomes viceroy of a country in a state of revolution, the 'natural ruler' without the will to maintain power or defend directly the embattled citadels of capitalism. So he hands over to someone who will, a middle-class puritan whom the bankers and landlords back on a temporary basis (after all, he's transparently not one of their own kind) in order to get the job done. Angelo, renamed Angelas, raises the money to win the civil war and diverts the populace from the real issues by stirring up racial hatred, while a compliant church pursues its obsession with property and the moral purification conspicuously misses out the police.

The financiers and land-owners were unable to put their own man back in Germany after 1933. For Thatcherite Britain, where the ethic of the small shop-keeper looms large in the ideology of government, where our 'natural rulers' are happy to operate under someone else's shadow, and where official condemnation of the far right accompanies the most right-wing administration most of us have ever known, *Rich and Rich* has a heftier kick.

Unfortunately Mr Reeves, who directs with a very confident hand, muffles that message by turning Angelas into Enoch Powell. Christopher Ettridge plays him with the full Powellite works: that fixed stare that betrays a dangerous readiness not to look at the real world beneath his nose; the flat Black Country voice, self-consciously transformed with its high pitch and precise grammar to something purportedly apocalyptic; the fastidious, self-controlled outward appearance that means there is no chance that the proposition to Isabella can be taken seriously. It's a brilliant piece of acting, but it isn't Powell who is the real villain of *Rich and Rich.*

And when the dismissed Angelas is asked to sort out the troubles in a country to the West, divided into the orange and green, the play begins to look heavy-handed. We realise that the substitution of blacks for Jews as targets hasn't worked either if only because even the National Front doesn't claim that blacks are involved in the control of high finance. More potent is the betrayal of the poor who find the cost of living still on the increase with their saviour uninterested.

The production takes place almost entirely at the front of the stage, which is a bonus, forced forward by David Collis's townscape set, an adaptable construction in grey slats. It has memorable moments too, notably Tammy Ustinov's singing of Hanns Eisl's haunting Waterwheel Song and the final image: a revolutionary is hanged while the reconciled rulers trough noisily beneath him at a celebration banquet. Crude perhaps, and both play and performance are uneven, but there is a sureness of purpose about it that is worth relishing.

Forever Young, from the song by Bob Dylan, is ostensibly about radical youth turning into sour and greedy middle age. In practice it is the vehicle for a lot of disillusioned one-liners and theatrical set-pieces imperfectly grafted on to a set of external events that don't quite fit.

Shane Connaughton sets it at the Dylan Blackbushe concert in 1978, with a bunch of old mates meeting up for the first time in 10 years. First question: since they're 38 now, how could they have been involved as students in the events of 1968? I'm two years younger and I'd left by 1965, part of a generation that never looked like taking to the streets. I never believed in this unlovely bunch as former colleagues, but I accepted Mr Connaughton's often bitterly comic view of group behaviour – as bad when everyone is getting on well as when they're spitting blood at each other – and was entertained by some hefty caricature acting and especially the sight of a naked Nick Stringer hiding from an enraged husband behind a tent flap. The play, directed by Keith Washington, is a fake, but a not altogether charmless one.

Films

John Coleman

Forsyth Saga

Town Bloody Hall *Ritzy, Brixton till 8 December*
Pickpocket (A) *ICA*
Moritz, Lieber Moritz (X) *Minema*

Before the Christmas deluge of fanfared goodies bursts upon us, now is surely the moment to put in a personal, fortissimo plea for Bill Forsyth's *That Sinking Feeling*, my happiest memory of the recently concluded 23rd London Film Festival. A first feature, written, produced and directed by a youngish Glaswegian, a graduate of the National Film School, this stunningly accomplished comedy took me back 15 years to another festival, another debut, when Milos Forman's *Peter and Pavla* had a grateful Venetian audience decorously splitting its sides. With a pawky eye on road movies, Forsyth proposes his as a street movie, 'dedicated to the prowlers of my city, the pioneer town of the post-industrial revolution'. Drawing his straight-faced, loony young layabouts mainly from the talented ranks of the Glasgow Youth Theatre, Forsyth plants them out in a plot involving the scatter-brained but successful theft of a crammed baker's-van-load of stainless steel sinks. Hence the appalling pun of the title.

You could cut some of the early dialogue with a skean-dhu, but – as with *Kes* – the ear quickly adjusts, which is as well, since this is a marvellously *written* film. 'There's got to be something more to life than committing suicide,' says one of three lads seated in a car, the camera withdrawing to show it stranded, solitary and derelict. The short leader of the gang has a huge-toothed, nervous smile and a penchant for chatting up statues in parks and consuming cornflakes. One of his recruits, during a morale-boosting chat on a *pédalo* on a lake, gets sea-sick; another is so carried away by his appointed role as a nightwatchman-seducing charwoman that his girlfriend goes stiff with incredulous sulks; a third concocts knockout drops that send a van-driver into an 80-year slumber.

There is an amazing comic thrift in what sometimes seem random procedures. A black kid's unexplained and reiterated rushes up the steps of a playground slide are later turned to use as he huffs up flight after flight of stairs during the robbery. Tati would applaud, as he would the inspired dotting about of pre-teens: a girleen from whom an indigent would-be robber mumps a fag: a couple of totties, blandly squatting in high grass near the conspirators like tiny omniscient buddhas. Mr Forsyth has a second project on the books. Someone should gobble up *That Sinking Feeling* fast and put every shirt they own on the next.

Two other titles from the LFF that deserve wider showing are Krzysztof Kieslowski's wry *Camera Buff*, or what happens when a Polish factory worker's home-movie equipment and enthusiasm are enlisted to make a celebratory works documentary, and a heavier-going Turkish sub-epic, *The Herd*, scripted *from prison* by the activist film-maker Yilmaz Guney, which springs refreshingly to life when it entrains from Southern Anatolia to Ankara.

Also at the festival was *Town Bloody Hall* (two days still to run at the excellent Ritzy), a belated, bemusing and blazing commemoration of the ultra-chic 'Dialogue on Women's Liberation' which took place in Manhattan on 30 April 1971. The expert documentarist D.A. Pennebaker was present, filming away; eight years on, Chris Hegedus has edited the material down to 90 raunchy, bitchy minutes. With Norman Mailer in the chair (his *Prison-*

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ers of Sex clearly in everyone's minds) and Germaine Greer, Jacqueline Ceballos, 'woman-is-lesbian' free-associating Jill Johnston and wasp-intelligent Diana Trilling on the platform – not forgetting such luminaries as Susan Sontag installed in mike-accessible front seats – a whirling time of sorts was had by all. Greer, not afraid to look rapaciously glamorous, soon ran up against Mrs Trilling, who drily took Mailer's 'poetical biology in preference to the no-biology of my sisters' and queried Greer's deployment of Freud. Ms Johnston, profoundly self-amusing, quickly free-associated herself out of the event. Our Norm (Greer: 'the pinnacle of the masculine élite') fought an admirable running battle with his temper. 'You are all singularly without wit,' he told the house, and – boiling over – 'I'm not going to sit here and listen to you harridans harangue me and say, "Yes'm, yes'm" '. Women of my acquaintance find the whole experience rich and useful. No comment. (I *know* that constitutes a comment.)

The ICA's two-week retrospective of the work of Robert Bresson will be covering *The Trial of Joan of Arc, Mouchette, Au Hasard, Balthazar, A Gentle Creature, Lancelot du Lac, Four Nights of a Dreamer* and *The Devil Probably*. One welcomed the opportunity to see *Pickpocket* – also in the short season – once more the other day since, along with that masterpiece, *Un Condamné à Mort s'est Echappé*, it has always seemed the aptest repository for Bresson's stringent practices: the use of natural locations; amateur or little-known actors instructed to deliver their lines without expression; ruthless pruning of 'inessentials'. This last has generally proved the stumbling-block to my appreciation of all the films since *Joan of Arc*, but in *Pickpocket* – with its discreet tracking shots and dousing dissolves – it makes recognisable sense.

This basically simple story – of a becalmed soul, Michel, drifting from a sordid, almost penitential hotel room into petty pilfering at race-tracks, a railway terminal, on the Métro, and effectively willing himself to be caught by a Dostoievskian cat-and-mouse police inspector, when – imprisoned – he receives love (and grace?) from a girl – most fascinates, as *Condamné* does, when it comes in close on the fingering activity of picking pockets, unstrapping watches, the nice conduct of a folded newspaper. Its rightly famous sequence –, a dream-like, near-montage of wallets, watches, subtle hands shifting around to the strains of Lully – still quite commands attention. Less commendable, in the ICA's print, are subtitles, which make Jacques Jim, Jeanne Joan and a pin-table a juke-box.

Hark Bohm's *Moritz, Lieber Moritz,* very prettily photographed by Wolfgang Treu and written by its director as if this were the novel he always had in him (i.e. it might pass skimming muster on the page), chronicles your typical high bourgeois German adolescence. Dear lanky Moritz of the false naif features – woebegone eyes, one lip-corner only upturned for The Smile – has a wet, bankrupt dad, a domineering mum, a dying gran, a beloved sax, and a rat and a frog for pets. He loathes a ginger cat and his geometry master and most of his classmates. The first he kills and has its wire-throttled corpse smashed in his face by mum for his naughtiness. An appetising aunt is his keyhole delight; he chums up with a 15-year-old girl of his own kind and with some tough young musicians who are not; the event freezes to a close on a loving kiss. It could stop anywhere but this is where it stops. Just started is something worthier of concern: a month of Billy Wilder at the NFT. But (programme note) *Fedora* as 'quite possibly Wilder's masterpiece'? I think not.

Weekend Competition

No 2595 **Set by C. Vita-Finzi**

Teachers have suffered for years now from the maxim, 'if you can, do; if you can't, teach'. Now it's up to you to sum up other professions equally succinctly if not necessarily in exactly the same form. A maximum of five entries each, by 28 December (the minions of the Complex are being let out for a couple of days over Christmas this year).

Result of No 2592 **Set by Fatboy**

We asked for blurbs for unlikely books on the model of *Jane Austen and the French Revolution.*

Report **by PC 49**

I am glad to report that the disturbances in the Complex have almost completely subsided. I have had to put up with an unnecessary, not to say spiteful, amount of aggro while doing my duty and moving people along in Great Turnstile, but we are now down to two bedraggled pickets and their placards about bringing back no 2590 are no longer legible. Control has not been heard from for a whole week which is a great relief to all of us I can tell you. For one thing we have needed all our time to examine your many entries. Having fed into the shredder all those which did not conform to the regulations (we did not request extracts from Wittgenstein's thoughts on skate-boarding or even from Professor Bloggins' book on Wittgenstein and skate-boarding), I then applied the night duty test. All those entries at the end of which I was still awake were brought before the weekly conference and, after due consideration, the following were selected as being very passable book blurbs and worthy of a Wellington and a couple of Newtons apiece. Also a copy of Stephen Pile's *Book of Heroic Failures* (most kindly donated by Messrs Routledge & Kegan Paul) to all those winners who have not already received one.

The Nonsense Men: A Relationship

That Lear and Carroll never met, corresponded or even knew of one another's existence would have rendered them ineligible for this kind of scrutiny by many literary biographers. Not Dr Soennaberg, whose thesis, though built from elusive materials, will convince the unbiased that there is a relationship here, ripe for discovery. In Chapter I, 'Snark Quest', we find the *unnameable* crew member seeking the REAL (Lear – anagram –) LEwis cARroll who may be a Boojum, in which case he (Carroll-Dodgson) will 'vanish away' (i.e. become absorbed with the other's personality). Chapter II, 'Luminose', pursues the reverse theme. Lear perceives the tragically isolated DONG (Don, Dodgson) only as an intermittent light. And so forward.

The Biographical Appendix plots in meticulous detail the numerous occasions on which the two men did not meet, culminating in the astonishing February weekend in 1874 when both cancelled engagements in Scarborough.

GERARD BENSON

Virginia Woolf and Rugby League Football

A small smoke-wreathed room in Huddersfield, where 13 determined men plot Sport's most daring UDI. Meanwhile, in her bedroom overlooking a sunlit London square, a wide-eyed girl of 13, already taut with the nervous fatigue of fighting off incestuous attentions, scribbles ceaselessly away . . . What arcane bond, on this August day in 1895, welds these two far-flung phenomena so inextricably together? What exactly *is* the esoteric link fusing that grim, Lowry-gaunt Yorkshire townscape with the world of Sir Leslie ('ever-more-high-thinking-than-thou') Stephen? In an arresting thesis, whose conceptual *élan* is trumped only by its detective *brio*, Professor Asa Scrimmage finds the essential connection in 'mould-breaking'. Just as these stocky northern pioneers seek to loosen the motions of a game too long constipated by interminable set scrums, so our intrepid young authoress strives to liquefy the inert norms of orthodox narration into a flashing 'stream of consciousness' . . .

MARTIN FAGG

Norman Mailer and the Art of Quiltmaking

In this book George Wotton locates the missing centre or 'structuring absence' of Mailer's *oeuvre*. Given Mailer's total word-output, the omission of all reference to the topic of quiltmaking cannot be explained by any pattern of random incidence; and in fact Mr Wotton's factor analysis confirms that this is so. At the same time, his case does not rest on empirical research methods, but on the structured denial (in ideological discourse), the displacement and decentring of quiltmaking, the deflection of its material labour-processes into 'unproblematic' – and recuperative – ontological representations of 'common humanity': murder, sodomy, espionage, theft. But the 'silences' of the text are nevetheless eloquent: in Mr Wotton's reading they are made to speak and the quilt, in its self-disguising, encoded form, re-surfaces as a dominant textual space, the determinant of narrative paradigms and phenomenal 'foreground' concerns, the focus of constitutive relations.

BASIL RANSOME-DAVIS

Iris Murdoch and the British Music Hall Tradition

While still an impressionable undergraduate Iris Murdoch is now known to have visited on more than one occasion a variety theatre in whose programmes powerful traces of the authentic music hall still survived. Beginning with this fascinating and richly suggestive biographical disclosure, Dr X proceeds to a highly original reading of the novels themselves with their mixture of high spirits, magic, farce, bawdy pantomime and quickfire patter, arguing a compelling case for Murdoch as the true heir of the great Edwardian popular entertainers. Dr X draws on scholarly studies of music hall generic forms (or 'turns') to show that *the modes of sentimental exuberance* constitute a central element in Murdoch's work.

The first chapter discusses *A Severed Head* as a variant of the comic recitation and raises the question of widespread misinterpretation by readers of . . .

JOHN CORNER

E. M. Forster and the KGB

It was not for nothing, apparently, that Stephen Spender asked Forster to use his influence with Harry Pollitt . . .In this book Forster is shown as a classic target for Russian Intelligence: his uncertainty socially, his homosexuality, Cambridge, the Apostles, his dislike of the Establishment and of the British Empire, and – a chilling parallel with recent events – his work at the National Gallery, let alone the OM. . .

Much circumstantial evidence points to Forster as the inevitable candidate for the role of First Man. Did he not say he would rather betray his country than his friends? Did not the alarmingly perceptive Lytton Strachey call him 'the Taupe' because, as Leonard Woolf said, '. . . he seemed intellectually and emotionally to travel *underground*'?

Even if the author does not entirely convince you that Forster was a full colonel in the KGB, this book is surely a must for spy-watchers.

T. GRIFFITHS

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Tony Miles

Chess

No 158 **Hungarian Aggression**

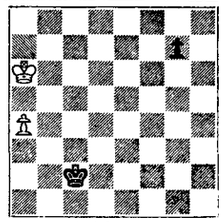
Of the four Hungarian participants in the Interzonal tournaments only one failed to qualify for at least a play-off for the candidates' matches. The 'failure' of the quartet was Gyula Sax, but he is undoubtedly the most popular with the chess public in general. His highly aggressive style leads to fascinating tactical battles, and at his best he is quite capable of destroying the world's top players. This week's game is his best effort from Rio where he completely bemuses his Soviet opponent.

White: G. Sax **Black: R. Vaganian**

1.P-K4, P-K3; 2.P-Q4, P-Q4; 3.N-Q2, P-QB4; 4.KPxP, KPxP; 5.B-N5ch, N-B3; 6.Q-K2ch, B-K2; 7.PxP, N-B3; 8.N-N3, 0-0; 9.B-K3, N-R4?! A slightly dubious innovation . . . R-K1 is normal. **10.N-B3, P-QR3; 11.B-Q3, R-K1; 12.KN-Q4, B-N5?** Better is 12 . . . N-N5. **13.P-B3, NxN; 14.NxN,P-Q5; 15.PxB, BxP; 16.0-0, RxB; 17.Q-B2.** Superficially Black's position looks satisfactory but in reality White has dangerous attacking chances. **17 . . . Q-Q4; 18.Q-R4, QR-K1; 19.R-B5(?).** 19.RxN looks dangerous but in fact is not clear. However, there was a promising alternative in 19.NxB! QxN; 20.P-N5, N-K5; 21.R-B4! QR-K1; 22.QR-KB1 (if 21 . . . NxP, 22.R-B5 or 21 . . . QxNp; 22RxN wins). **19 . . . R(1)-K4; 20.R(1)-KB1, B-K2! (the only move); 21.P-N5, N-K5; 22.RxP?** It may seem a little harsh to criticise this but there was a lovely win stemming from 22.B-B4! QxB (forced); 23.RxR, N-N6 (again the only try); 24.N-Q2! and now if 24 . . . QxBP; 25.RxB! RxR; 26.P-N6 wins so 24 . . . Q-K7; 25.RxB! NxR (if . . . RxR; 26.QxN, QxN; 27.Q-N8ch mates); 26.N-K4!! beautifully trapping all Black's pieces offside: 26 . . . K-B1 (forced); 27.P-N6, BPxP (or . . . RPxP; 28.RxQNP wins); 28.R-K5 winning. **22 . . . NxP** (. . . QxR loses prosaically); **23.R(7)-B4!** But not R(7)-B2? N-R6ch! 24.PxN, R-N4ch and Black wins. **23 . . . P-N4??** Under severe pressure Black cracks up. Other possibilities. (a) 23 . . . N-B6ch (not as stupid as it looks) and now 24.R(4)xN, RxB; 25.PxR! QxR! 26.QxQP with advantage, or 24.R(1)xN, RxB; 25.PxR! (but not QxB? R-Q8ch and . . . QxRch!) QxR; 26.PxQ winning or 24 . . . R-R8ch; 25.B-B1, QxR; 26.PxQ, BxQ; 27.RxB, R(4)-K7; 28.RxP, RxBP; 29.R-Q2 with advantage. (b) 23 . . . N-R6ch? 24.PxN, R-N4ch; 25.R-N4 winning. (c) 23 . . .R-B6??! 24.PxR! wins. (d) 23 . . . P-R3; 24.Q-B2 with a winning attack. (e) 23. . . P-KR4?!? An amazing idea which very nearly traps White's queen – the threat is . . .N-R6ch; 25.PxN, R-N4ch but unfortunately it fails to 24.RxP (eg . . . N-R6ch; 25.QxN!). However Black has (f) 23 . . . RxB! 24.PxR, N-K3! when he emerges with near equality. From this point he goes rapidly downhill. **24.Q-B2, B-B3; 25.RxP, Q-K3? 26.R-Q8ch, K-B2; 27.B-B5, Q-N3; 28.R-Q7ch, K-K1; 29.R-Q3, N-B2; 30.BxRp, N-Q3; 31.B-N6ch, K-B1; 32.N-Q4, RxR? 33.N-K6ch, RxN; 34.QxQ, R-Q7; 35.Q-Q8ch, resigns.**

Problem 158

White to play. What result and why? Answers to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked not later than 19 December.

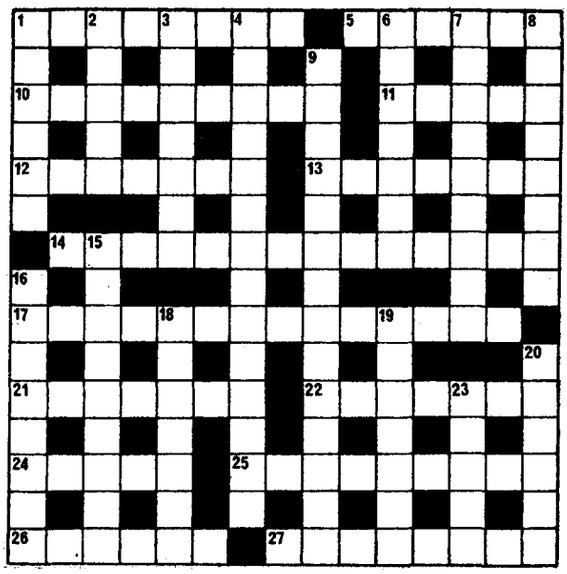


Solution to problem 156

1.N-B6ch! PxN (if K-B1; 2.R-K8ch! RxR; 3.B-N4ch mating or . . . K-Q2; 2.R-K7ch, K-Q3; 3.R-K6ch, K-Q2; 4.B-N4! wins); 2.PxPch, K-B1; 3.R-K8ch! RxR; 4.B-N4ch, K-N1; 5.R-N2ch, K-R2; 6.R-N7 mate.

Weekend Crossword 1325

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1325, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 18 December.



ACROSS

1 Struggles and so without an ending the story finishes (8).
5 Tempted by Eve in bed? (6).
10 The poetry she composed is recited by a magician (3, 6).
11 Spikes are not well between points (5).
12 Composer and explorer in one (7).
13 Polymath whose king has no defence (7).
14 Evergreen and fit to grow outside, but they are funny to watch (6, 3, 5).
17 Handle locks and move to prepare for action (3, 5, 2, 4).
21 Where there is a note about changing rooms (7).
22 'The sapless ——— of the ocean' (Shelley) (7).
24 A woman embraces it in friendship (5).
25 Same tonic dispensed for an eulogist (9).
26 Fate is welcomed after killing starts (6).
27 Son of Man perhaps but I speak maliciously (8).

DOWN

1 Stick together with a man in the inside (6).
2 No word of agreement for a writer (5).
3 Sooner a nobleman that is a king (7).
4 Liquid lets riddle wait to be solved (9, 5).
6 The farm includes no lake (7).
7 Odds and ends sound like a painting on a bit of wall (9).
8 Shows a theatrical piece in town (8).
9 Where to get tickets to hurl insults at top people holding a function (7, 7).
15 When unusually ill agrees there are unusual physical reactions (9).
16 Player not completely fit and restored to the team? (8).
18 Medicine which may make one annoyed (7).
19 The problem of a novel with the cover on back to front (7).
20 Reformed gambler (6).
23 Little bit of publicity about fighting for a prize (5).

SETSQUARE

Solution to Salamanca 24

H	I	S	V	E	R	Y	W	O	R	D	S			
Y	S	H	E	N	D	O	H	N	A	I	A			
N	T	B	E	D	O	U	I	N	I	A	R			
A	L	A	R	Y	S	T	R	A	N	G	E			
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J	E	H	U	W	I	D	I	S	H	E	S			
T	E	U	Q	N	A	B	L	A	C	I	T			

Quotation: 'His very words are a fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes' – *Much Ado About Nothing*

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Literary

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UNIVERSITY OF LONDON. The 1979 Stamp Memorial Lecture entitled: 'Reflections of Inequality and Class Structure in Britain Today' will be given by Professor Dorothy Wedderburn (Imperial College of Science and Technology) at 5.30 p.m. on Tuesday, 11 December 1979 in the Beveridge Hall at the University of London, Senate House, Malet St, London WC1. Adm. free, without ticket. Academic Registrar.

ACADEMIC FREEDOM & DEMOCRACY. AGM Saturday 15 December, 2 p.m. at LSE, followed by discussion introduced by Tony Benn.

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PROFESSOR DAVID MCLELLAN
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2. Refugees in Britain: A Special Case?
3. Development Education and the Student Movement.
4. Third World's Refugees — Can British Education be Relevant for Development?
For further information contact our
Field Unit, WUS (UK), 20 Compton Terrace, London N1. 01-226 6747.

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Speaker: **Alistair Logan**
Chair: **Clive Soley, MP**
7.30 p.m. 17 December 1979
Hammersmith Teenage Project, 58 Bulwer Street, W12
(Shepherds Bush Tube)

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STUART HALL
Professor of Sociology, Open University
on
Drifting into a Law and Order Society
Monday 10 December 1979
at 6.00 p.m.
at 10 St James's Square London SW1.
Enquiries: Cobden Trust, 186 Kings Cross Road, WC1. 01-278 4575.

ICA EVENTS, The Mall, SW1. 8 Dec. 2.00 BFI, Independent Filmmakers' Assoc. and The Assoc. of Independent Producers discuss 'Film Culture And Legislation', £1.50. 11 Dec. 7.30 Jules Lubbock on 'Modern Virtue and Victorian Vice: The Issue of Ornament in the 30s' accompanying the Arts Council/V & A 30s exhibition at the Hayward. 80p. 13 Dec. 1.00 Private Eye Xmas Books — Richard Ingrams, Michael Heath on 'Another Batch of Boobs' and 'Star Bores'. 80p. 930 3647.

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for pamphlets, book list, programme. Sun. 9 Dec. 8 p.m. Open Q/A Meeting, 'Reincarnation & Karma'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

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ALL SHE WANTS FOR CHRISTMAS IS A NEW LIFE

Sponsor me please

The faces differ, the eyes are the same.

These eyes are not yet dulled by a life without expectation. The children of the third world – like your own – are born with spirit and the possibility of a full life.

World Vision well understands this precious interval in which a child may be reached, made healthy, fed regularly, clothed and educated, given the skills and confidence to take on the harsh world he or she was born into. The interval is all too brief.

Regular help means more to your child.

We call it sponsorship and it is a system which works wonderfully for the 200,000 plus children already in our care. The children live in 49 different countries, sometimes in orphanages, more usually with a parent or parents who can scarcely offer them survival, let alone a future.

Right now we have children awaiting sponsors. With your first monthly payment of £9 we can allocate one into your 'care', grateful that we can then take another needy child onto our waiting list.

Your child's picture in time for Christmas.

If you will send your first sponsorship gift with the coupon below, mailed 1st class early this coming week, you will receive your photo-folder of the child with details of name, family circumstances (if known), nationality and some background on life in that country.

Later, you'll get progress reports and, as soon as your child knows how, personal messages written with the aid of a World Vision helper. Your child will know who you are and will treasure the letters and pictures you may choose to send from time to time.

Your gift will reach the child in the form of welfare and education, not as money.

Who makes sure your caring really helps?

World Vision is a Christian relief agency with some thirty years practical experience. We believe that a child helped is a family or a community helped. Our efforts are always directed at building self-reliance through schemes run by local Christian churches who know the languages, the culture and the quick way through the red tape.

Every sponsorship is monitored both by the people on the spot and by our field staff supervisors.

Childcare is a major part of World Vision's work of bringing relief and self-sufficiency to a hurting world. We draw support from caring people in Australia, Canada, New Zealand and the USA – and lately from Britain and Europe. We do not bow to the statistics of the problem; we set about caring for people, one by one.

Start a sponsorship or send a gift.

Best of all, start sponsoring now, understanding that if your financial position changes, there is no obligation to continue. A new sponsor allows us to start building a new life for a named child.

If you cannot do this, then please send a Christmas gift to our fighting fund for refugees. World Vision is active now in Kampuchea, Thailand, Uganda, and many other places. Be assured your gift will be used efficiently and fast.

To World Vision of Europe, Childcare ADNS1,146 Queen Victoria St., London EC4V 4BX. (Reg. Charity No. 278144.)

☐ Here is my first monthly sponsorship gift of £9 made payable to World Vision. Along with my receipt, send me details of my child.

☐ First send me more details on Childcare.

☐ I would prefer to make a single Christmas present to your fighting fund for refugees. I enclose £_____

Name _____

Address _____

_____

_____

Childcare

Part of World Vision's Christian work.

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